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QUOTABLE  
POEMS  

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VOLUME TWO



# QUOTABLE POEMS

*An Anthology of  
Modern Verse*

## VOLUME TWO

COMPILED BY

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK



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*To My Brother*

CHARLES PATTON CLARK

MEDICAL SCIENTIST

AND

LOVER OF BEAUTY



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QUOTABLE  
POEMS



VOLUME TWO



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## They Went Forth to Battle but They Always Fell

They went forth to battle but they always fell.  
Something they saw above the sullen shields.  
Nobly they fought and bravely, but not well,  
And sank heart-wounded by a subtle spell.  
They knew not fear that to the foeman yields,  
They were not weak, as one who vainly wields  
A faltering weapon; yet the old tales tell  
How on the hard-fought field they always fell.

It was a secret music that they heard,  
The murmurous voice of pity and of peace,  
And that which pierced the heart was but a word,  
Though the white breast was red-lipped where the sword  
Pressed a fierce cruel kiss and did not cease  
Till its hot thirst was surfeited. Ah these  
By an unwarlike troubling doubt were stirred,  
And died for hearing what no foeman heard.

They went forth to battle but they always fell.  
Their might was not the might of lifted spears.  
Over the battle-clamor came a spell  
Of troubling music, and they fought not well.  
Their wreaths are willows and their tribute, tears.  
Their names are old sad stories in men's ears.  
Yet they will scatter the red hordes of Hell,  
Who went to battle forth and always fell.

*Shaemas O'Sheel*

### Opportunity

In an old city by the storied shores,  
Where the bright summit of Olympus soars,  
A cryptic statue mounted toward the light —  
Heel-winged, tip-toed, and poised for instant flight.  
“ O statue, tell your name,” a traveler cried;  
And solemnly the marble lips replied:  
“ Men call me Opportunity. I lift  
My wingèd feet from earth to show how swift  
My flight, how short my stay —  
How Fate is ever waiting on the way.”

“ But why that tossing ringlet on your brow? ”  
“ That men may seize me any moment: *Now*,  
Now is my other name; today my date;  
O traveler, tomorrow is too late!”

*Edwin Markham*

### Prayer

God, though this life is but a wraith,  
Although we know not what we use;  
Although we grope with little faith,  
God, give me the heart to fight— and lose.

Ever insurgent let me be,  
Make me more daring than devout;  
From sleek contentment keep me free  
And fill me with a buoyant doubt.

Open my eyes to visions girt  
With beauty, and with wonder lit, —

But let me always see the dirt,  
And all that spawn and die in it.

Open my ears to music, let  
Me thrill with Spring's first flutes and drums  
But never let me dare forget  
The bitter ballads of the slums.

From compromise and things half-done,  
Keep me, with stern and stubborn pride;  
But when at last the fight is won,  
God, keep me still unsatisfied.

*Louis Untermeyer*

### For Those Who Fail

"All honor to him who shall win the prize,"  
The world has cried for a thousand years;  
But to him who tries and who fails and dies,  
I give great honor and glory and tears.

O great is the hero who wins a name,  
But greater many and many a time  
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame,  
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn,  
And good is the man who refrains from wine;  
But the man who fails and yet fights on,  
Lo, he is the twin-born brother of mine!

*Joaquin Miller*

### In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. ' Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

*John McCrae*

### Sealed Orders

We hear sealed orders o'er Life's weltered sea,  
Our haven dim and far;  
We can but man the helm right cheerily,  
Steer by the brightest star,

And hope that when at last the Great Command  
Is read, we then may hear  
Our anchor song, and see the longed-for land  
Lie, known and very near.

*Richard Burton*

*From* Song of the Open Road

Afoot and lighthearted I take to the open road,  
 Healthy, free, the world before me,  
 The long brown path before me leading me wherever I  
 choose.

Henceforth I ask not good fortune, I myself *am* good for-  
 tune,  
 Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need  
 nothing;  
 Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,  
 Strong and content I travel the open road.

*Walt Whitman*

Joses, the Brother of Jesus

Joses, the brother of Jesus, plodded from day to day  
 With never a vision within him to glorify his clay;  
 Joses, the brother of Jesus, was one with the heavy clod,  
 But Christ was the soul of rapture, and soared, like a lark,  
 with God.  
 Joses, the brother of Jesus, was only a worker in wood,  
 And he never could see the glory that Jesus, his brother,  
 could.  
 "Why stays he not in the workshop?" he often used to  
 complain,  
 "Sawing the Lebanon cedar, imparting to woods their stain?  
 Why must he go thus roaming, forsaking my father's  
 trade,  
 While hammers are busily sounding, and there is gain to be  
 made?"



Thus ran the mind of Joses, apt with plummet and rule,  
And deeming whoever surpassed him either a knave or a  
fool —

For he never walked with the prophets in God's great garden  
of bliss —

And of all mistakes of the ages, the saddest, methinks, was  
this

To have such a brother as Jesus, to speak with him day by  
day,

But never to catch the vision which glorified his clay.

*Harry Kemp*

### The Judgment

When before the cloud-white throne  
We are kneeling to be known  
In self's utter nakedness,  
Mercy shall be arbitress.

Love shall quench the very shame  
That is our tormenting flame;  
Love, the one theology,  
Set the souls in prison free —

Free as sunbeams forth to fare  
Into outer darkness, where  
It shall be our doom to make  
Glory from each earth-mistake.

Not archangels God elects  
For celestial architects;  
On the stones of hell, the guilt  
Of the world, is Zion built.

*Katharine Lee Bates*

## Mountain Air

Tell me of Progress if you will,  
But give me sunshine on a hill —  
The grey rocks spiring to the blue,  
The scent of larches, pinks and dew,  
And summer sighing in the trees,  
And snowy breath on every breeze.  
Take towns and all that you find there,  
And leave me sun and mountain air!

*John Galsworthy*

*From* Tintern Abbey

For I have learned  
To look on Nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime,  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
Of eye and ear — both what they half create,

And what perceive; well pleased to recognize  
In nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being.

*William Wordsworth*

### The Ideal City

O you whom God hath called and set apart  
To build a city after His own heart,  
Be this your task — to fill the city's veins  
With the red blood of friendship; plant her plains  
With seeds of peace: above her portals wreath  
Greeting and welcome: let the air we breathe  
Be musical with accents of good will  
That leap from lip to lip with joyous thrill;  
So may the stranger find upon the streets  
A kindly look in every face he meets;  
So may the spirit of the city tell  
All her souls within her gates that all is well;  
In all her homes let gentleness be found,  
In every neighborhood let grace abound,  
In every store and shop and forge and mill  
Where men of toil their daily tasks fulfill,  
Where guiding brain and workmen's skill are wise  
To shape the product of our industries,  
Where treasured stores the hands of toil sustain,  
Let friendship speed the work and share the gain,  
And thus, through all the city's teeming life,  
Let helpfulness have room with generous strife  
To serve.

*Washington Gladden*

### Calvary

I walked alone to my Calvary,  
And no man carried the cross for me:  
Carried the cross? Nay, no man knew  
The fearful load I bent unto;  
But each as we met upon the way  
Spake me fair of the journey I walked that day.

I came alone to my Calvary,  
And high was the hill and bleak to see;  
But lo, as I scaled the flinty side,  
A thousand went up to be crucified —  
A thousand kept the way with me,  
But never a cross my eyes could see.

*Author Unknown*

### Good Deeds

How far that little candle throws his beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.  
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;  
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues  
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
As if we had them not.

*William Shakespeare*

### Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight (In Springfield, Illinois)

It is portentous, and a thing of state  
That here at midnight, in our little town  
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,  
Near the old court-house pacing up and down,

From "Collected Poems" by Vachel Lindsay. By permission of  
The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards  
He lingers where his children used to play,  
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones  
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,  
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl  
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,  
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.  
He is among us: — as in times before!  
And we who toss and lie awake for long  
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.  
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?  
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,  
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.  
He sees the dreadnoughts scouring every main.  
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now  
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn  
Shall come; — the shining hope of Europe free:  
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,  
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still.  
That all his hours of travail here for men  
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace  
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

*Vachel Lindsay*

### Where Is God?

“ Oh, where is the sea? ” the fishes cried,  
 As they swam the crystal clearness through;  
 “ We’ve heard from of old of the ocean’s tide,  
 And we long to look on the water’s blue.  
 The wise ones speak of the infinite sea.  
 Oh, who can tell us if such there be? ”

The lark flew up in the morning bright,  
 And sang and balanced on sunny wings;  
 And this was its song: “ I see the light,  
 I look o’er a world of beautiful things;  
 But, flying and singing everywhere,  
 In vain I have searched to find the air.”

*Minot J. Savage*

### Deathless

I know I am deathless;  
 I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by the carpenter’s  
 compass;  
 I know I shall not pass like a child’s carlaque cut with a  
 burnt stick at night.

*Walt Whitman*

From “ Leaves of Grass ”

### We Are the Music-Makers

We are the music-makers,  
 And we are the dreamers of dreams,  
 Wandering by lone sea-breakers,  
 And sitting by desolate streams —

World-losers and world-forsakers,  
On whom the pale moon gleams;  
Yet we are the movers and shakers  
Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties  
We build up the world's great cities,  
And out of a fabulous story  
We fashion an empire's glory:  
One man with a dream, at pleasure,  
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;  
And three with a new song's measure  
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying  
In the buried past of the earth,  
Built Nineveh with our sighing,  
And Babel itself in our mirth;  
And o'erthrew them with prophesying  
To the old of the new world's worth;  
For each age is a dream that is dying,  
Or one that is coming to birth.

*Arthur O'Shaughnessy*

### In the Woods

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home  
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome.  
But when I am stretched beneath the pines,  
When the evening star so lonely shines,  
I laugh at the love and the pride of man,  
At the sophist's schools and the learned clan;  
For what are they all in their high conceit  
When man in the bush with God can meet?

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

From "Good-bye, Proud World"

“ In No Strange Land ”

O WORLD invisible, we view thee,  
O world intangible, we touch thee,  
O world unknowable, we know thee,  
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,  
The eagle plunge to find the air —  
That we ask of the stars in motion  
If they have rumor of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,  
And our benumbed conceiving soars! —  
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,  
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places; —  
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!  
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,  
That miss the many-splendored thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)  
Cry; — and upon thy so sore loss  
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder  
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,  
Cry, — clinging Heaven by the hems;  
And lo, Christ walking on the water  
Not of Genesareth, but Thames!

*Francis Thompson*



## Io Victis

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fall in the Battle of  
Life —  
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed  
in the strife;  
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resound-  
ing acclaim  
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wear the chaplet  
of fame,  
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the  
broken in heart,  
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and des-  
perate part;  
Whose youth bore no flower in its branches, whose hopes  
burned in ashes away,  
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at,  
who stood at the dying of day  
With the wreck of their life all around them, unpitied, un-  
heeded, alone,  
With Death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but  
their faith overthrown,  
While the voice of the world shouts its chorus — its pæan for  
those who have won;  
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the  
breeze and the sun  
Glad banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet  
Thronging after the laurel crowned victors, I stand on the  
field of defeat,  
In the shadow, with those who are fallen, and wounded, and  
dying, and there  
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted  
brows, breathe a prayer,  
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, " They only the  
victory win,

Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the  
demon that tempts us within;  
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the  
world holds on high;  
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight — if  
need be, to die.”  
Speak, History! Who are Life’s victors? Unroll thy long  
annals and say,  
Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won  
the success of a day?  
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans, who fell at Ther-  
mopylæ’s tryst,  
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates, Pilate  
or Christ?

*William Wetmore Story*

### The Kings Are Passing Deathward

The kings are passing deathward in the dark  
Of days that had been splendid where they went;  
Their crowns are captive and their courts are stark  
Of purples that are ruinous, now, and rent.  
For all that they have seen disastrous things:  
The shattered pomp, the split and shaken throne,  
They cannot quite forget the way of Kings:  
Gravely they pass, majestic and alone.

With thunder on their brows, their faces set  
Toward the eternal night of restless shapes,  
They walk in awful splendor, regal yet,  
Wearing their crimes like rich and kingly capes . . .  
Curse them or taunt, they will not hear or see;  
The Kings are passing deathward: let them be.

*David Morton*

### Failures

They bear no laurels on their sunless brows,  
Nor aught within their pale hands as they go;  
They look as men accustomed to the slow  
And level onward course 'neath drooping boughs.  
Who may these be no trumpet doth arouse,  
These of the dark processional of woe,  
Unpraised, unblamed, but whom sad Acheron's flow  
Monotonously lulls to leaden drowse?  
These are the Failures. Clutched by Circumstance,  
They were — say not, too weak! — too ready prey  
To their own fear whose fixed Gorgon glance  
Made them as stone for aught of great essay; —  
Or else they nodded when their Master-Chance  
Wound his one signal, and went on his way.

*Arthur W. Upson*

### Life Owes Me Nothing

Life owes me nothing. Let the years  
Bring clouds or azure, joy or tears,  
    Already a full cup I've quaffed;  
    Already wept and loved and laughed,  
And seen, in ever endless ways,  
New beauties overwhelm the days.

Life owes me naught. No pain that waits  
Can steal the wealth from memory's gates;  
    No aftermath of anguish slow  
    Can quench the soul-fire's early glow.  
I breathe, exulting, each new breath,  
Embracing Life, ignoring Death.

Life owes me nothing. One clear morn  
Is boon enough for being born;  
And be it ninety years or ten,  
No need for me to question when.  
While Life is mine, I'll find it good,  
And greet each hour with gratitude.

*Author Unknown*

### If This Were Enough

God, if this were enough,  
That I see things bare to the buff  
And up to the buttocks in mire;  
That I ask not hope nor hire,  
Not in the husk,  
Nor dawn beyond the dusk,  
Nor life beyond death:  
God, if this were faith?

Having felt Thy wind in my face  
Spit sorrow and disgrace,  
Having seen Thine evil doom  
In Golgotha and Khartoum,  
And the brutes, the work of Thine hands,  
Fill with injustice lands  
And stain with blood the sea:  
If still in my veins the glee  
Of the black night and the sun  
And the lost battle, run:  
If, an adept,  
The iniquitous lists I still accept  
With joy, and joy to endure and be withstood,  
And still to battle and perish for a dream of good:  
God, if that were enough?

If to feel, in the ink of the slough,  
And the sink of the mire,  
Veins of glory and fire  
Run through and transpierce and transpire,  
And a secret purpose of glory in every part,  
And the answering glory of battle fill my heart;  
To thrill with the joy of girded men  
To go on forever and fail and go on again,  
And be mauled to the earth and arise,  
And contend for the shade of a word and a thing not seen  
    with the eyes;  
With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night  
That somehow the right is the right  
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough:  
Lord, if that were enough?

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

### A Morning Prayer

Let me today do something that will take  
    A little sadness from the world's vast store,  
And may I be so favored as to make  
    Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed  
    Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend.  
Nor would I pass unseeing worthy need,  
    Or sin by silence when I should defend.

However meager be my worldly wealth,  
    Let me give something that shall aid my kind —  
A word of courage, or a thought of health  
    Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find.

Let me tonight look back across the span  
 'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say —  
 Because of some good act to beast or man —  
 “The world is better that I lived today.”

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

*From Thanatopsis*

So live that when thy summons comes to join  
 The innumerable caravan that moves  
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

*William Cullen Bryant*

Count That Day Lost

If you sit down at set of sun  
 And count the acts that you have done,  
 And, counting find  
 One self-denying deed, one word  
 That eased the heart of him who heard;  
 One glance most kind,  
 That fell like sunshine where it went —  
 Then you may count that day well spent.

But if, through all the livelong day,  
 You've cheered no heart, by yea or nay —  
 If, through it all  
 You've nothing done that you can trace

That brought the sunshine to one face —  
No act most small  
That helped some soul and nothing cost —  
Then count that day as worse than lost.

*George Eliot*

### The Question Whither

When we have thrown off this old suit  
So much in need of mending,  
To sink among the naked mute,  
Is that, think you, our ending?  
We follow many, more we lead,  
And you who sadly turf us,  
Believe not that all living seed  
Must flower above the surface.

Sensation is a gracious gift  
But were it cramped to station,  
The prayer to have it cast adrift  
Would spout from all sensation.  
Enough if we have winked to sun,  
Have sped the plough a season,  
There is a soul for labor done,  
Endureth fixed as reason.

Then let our trust be firm in Good,  
Though we be of the fasting;  
Our questions are a mortal brood,  
Our work is everlasting.  
We Children of Beneficence  
Are in its being sharers;  
And Whither vainer sounds than Whence  
For word with such wayfarers.

*George Meredith*

To Whom Shall the World Henceforth Belong?

*To whom shall the world henceforth belong,  
And who shall go up and possess it?*

To the Great-Hearts — the Strong  
Who will suffer no wrong,  
And where they find evil redress it.

To the men of Bold Light  
Whose souls seized of Right,  
Found a work to be done and have done it.

To the Valiant who fought  
For a soul-lifting thought,  
Saw the fight to be won and have won it.

To the Men of Great Mind  
Set on lifting their kind,  
Who, regardless of danger, will do it.

To the Men of Good-will,  
Who would cure all Life's ill,  
And whose passion for peace will ensue it.

To the Men who will bear  
Their full share of Life's care,  
And will rest not till wrongs be all righted.

To the Stalwarts who toil  
'Mid the seas of turmoil,  
Till the haven of safety be sighted.

To the Men of Good Fame  
Who everything claim —  
This world and the next — in their Master's great name —



To these shall the world henceforth belong,  
And they shall go up and possess it;  
Overmuch, o'erlong, has the world suffered wrong,  
We are here by God's help to redress it.

*John Oxenham*

### Man

What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

*William Shakespeare*

From "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark"

### Bring Me Men

Bring me men to match my mountains,  
Bring me men to match my plains —  
Men with empires in their purpose  
And new eras in their brains.  
Bring me men to match my prairies,  
Men to match my inland seas,  
Men whose thought shall prove a highway  
Up to ampler destinies,  
Pioneers to clear thought's marshlands  
And to cleanse old error's pen;  
Bring me men to match my mountains —  
Bring me men!

Bring me men to match my forests,  
Strong to fight the storm and blast,  
Branching toward the skyey future,  
Rooted in the fertile past.

Bring me men to match my valleys,  
 Tolerant of sun and snow,  
 Men within whose fruitful purpose  
 Time's consummate blooms shall grow,  
 Men to tame the tigerish instincts  
 Of the lair and cave and den,  
 Cleanse the dragon slime of nature —  
 Bring me men!

Bring me men to match my rivers,  
 Continent cleavers, flowing free,  
 Drawn by the eternal madness  
 To be mingled with the sea;  
 Men of oceanic impulse,  
 Men whose moral currents sweep  
 Towards the wide-infolding ocean  
 Of an undiscovered deep;  
 Men who feel the strong pulsation  
 Of the central sea and then  
 Time their currents to its earth throb —  
 Bring me men!

*Sam Walter Foss*

From "The Coming American"

### Joy and Sorrow

Sullen skies today,  
 Sunny skies tomorrow;  
 November steals from May,  
 And May from her doth borrow;  
 Griefs — Joys — in Time's strange dance  
 Interchangeably advance;  
 The sweetest joys that come to us  
 Come sweeter for past sorrow.

*Aubrey De Vere*

### Thy Kingdom Come!

Across the bitter centuries I hear the wail of men:

“ Oh, would that Jesus Lord, the Christ, would come to us again.”

We decorate our altars with ceremonious pride,

With all the outward shows of pomp His worship is supplied,

Great churches raise their mighty spires to pierce the sun-lit skies,

While in the shadow of the cross we utter blasphemies.

We know we do not do His will who lessoned us to pray,  
“ Our Father grant within our lives Thy Kingdom rule today.”

The prayer He taught us, once a week we mouth with half-shut eye,

While in the charnel-house of words immortal meanings die.

Above our brothers' frailties we cry “ Unclean! Unclean! ”  
And with the hands that served her shame still stone the Magdalene.

We know within our factories that wan-cheeked women reel

Among the deft and droning belts that spin from wheel to wheel.

We know that unsexed childhood droops in dull-eyed drudgery —

The little children that He blessed in far-off Galilee —

Yet surely, Lord, our hearts would grow more merciful to them,

If Thou couldst come again to us as once in Bethlehem.

*Willard Wattles*

### The Face of a Friend

Blessed is the man that beholdeth the face of a friend in a  
 far country,  
 The darkness of his heart is melted in the dawning of day  
 within him,  
 It is like the sound of sweet music heard long ago and half  
 forgotten;  
 It is like the coming back of birds to a wood where the  
 winter is ended.

*Henry van Dyke*

### Consummation

Not poppies — plant not poppies on my gravel  
 I want no anodyne to make me sleep;  
 I want that All-Bestowing Power, who gave  
 Immortal love to life, and which we crave —  
 The promise of a larger life, to keep.

What that may be I know not — no one knows;  
 But since love's graces I have striven to gain,  
 Plant o'er my soon-forgotten dust, a rose —  
 That flower which in love's garden ever blows —  
 That thus a fragrant memory may remain.

For my fond hope has been, that I might leave  
 A Flowering — even in the wayside grass —  
 A Touch of Bloom, life's grayness to relieve —  
 A Beauty, they who follow may perceive,  
 That hints the scent of roses — as they pass.

*James Terry White*

## To My Countrymen

(A Voice for Peace)

Heirs of great yesterdays, be proud with me  
Of your most envied treasure of the Past;  
Not wide domain; not doubtful wealth amassed;  
Not ganglia cities — rival worlds to be: —  
But great souls, servitors of Liberty,  
Who kept the state to star-set Honor fast,  
Not for ourselves alone but that, at last,  
No nation should to Baal bow the knee.

Are we content to be inheritors?  
Can you not hear the pleading of the sod  
That canopies our heroes? Hasten, then!  
Help the sad earth unlearn the vogue of war.  
Be just and earn the eternal praise of men;  
Be generous and win the smile of God.

*Robert Underwood Johnson*

## Sunrise

Day!

Faster and more fast,  
O'er night's brim, day boils at last:  
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cap's brim  
Where spurting and suppressed it lay,  
For not a froth-flake touched the rim  
Of yonder gap in the solid gray  
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;  
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,  
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,  
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast  
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.

*Robert Browning*

*From Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour:  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise  
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust  
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre;

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

*Thomas Gray*

### Under the Harvest Moon

Under the harvest moon,  
 When the soft silver  
 Drips shimmering  
 Over the garden nights,  
 Death, the gray mocker  
 Comes and whispers to you  
 As a beautiful friend  
 Who remembers.  
 Under the summer roses,  
 When the flagrant crimson  
 Lurks in the dusk  
 Of the wild red leaves,  
 Love, with little hands,  
 Comes and touches you  
 With a thousand memories,  
 And asks you  
 Beautiful unanswerable questions.

*Carl Sandburg*

### The Creedless Love

A creedless love, that knows no clan,  
 No caste, no cult, no church but Man;  
 That deems today and now and here,  
 Are voice and vision of the seer;  
 That through this lifted human clod  
 The inflow of the breath of God  
 Still sheds its apostolic powers —  
 Such love, such trust, such faith be ours.

We deem man climbs an endless slope  
 Tow'rd far-seen tablelands of hope;  
 That he, through filth and shame of sin,  
 Still seeks the God that speaks within;



That all the years since time began  
Work the eternal Rise of Man;  
And all the days that time shall see  
Tend tow'rd the Eden yet to be.

Too long our music-hungering needs  
Have heard the iron clash of creeds.  
The creedless love that knows no clan,  
No caste, no cult, no church but Man,

Shall drown with mellow music all,  
The dying jangle of their brawl; —  
Such love with all its quickening powers,  
Such love to God and Man be ours.

*Sam Walter Foss*

### Love Over All

Time flies,  
Suns rise  
And shadows fall.  
Let time go by.  
Love is forever over all.

From an English Sun Dial

### Patience

Sometimes I wish that I might do  
Just one grand deed and die,  
And by that one grand deed reach up  
To meet God in the sky.

But such is not Thy way, O God,  
Nor such is Thy decree,  
But deed by deed, and tear by tear,  
Our souls must climb to Thee,

As climbed the only son of God  
 From manger unto Cross,  
 Who learned, through tears and bloody sweat,  
 To count this world but loss;

Who left the Virgin Mother's arms  
 To seek those arms of shame,  
 Outstretched upon a lonely hill  
 To which the darkness came.

As deed by deed, and tear by tear,  
 He climbed up to the height,  
 Each deed a splendid deed, each tear  
 A jewel shining bright,

So grant us, Lord, the patient heart,  
 To climb the upward way,  
 Until we stand upon the height,  
 And see the perfect day.

*G. A. Studdert-Kennedy*

### A Leaf of Grass

I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of  
 the stars,  
 And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and  
 the egg of the wren,  
 And the tree-toad is a chef-d'oeuvre for the highest,  
 And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of  
 heaven,  
 And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all  
 machinery,

And the cow crunching with depressed head surpasses any  
statue,  
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of  
infidels.

*Walt Whitman*

From "Leaves of Grass"

### The Lost Christ

Your skill has fashioned stately creeds,  
But where is He, we pray —  
The friendly Christ of loving deeds?  
He is not here today.

With sentences that twist and tease,  
Confusing mind and heart,  
You forge your wordy homilies  
And bid us heed your art.

But where is He — or can you tell? —  
Who stilled the brothers' strife,  
Who urged the woman at the well  
To live a better life?

Where is the Saint of Galilee,  
Crude Peter's faithful guide;  
The man who wept at Bethany  
Because His friend had died?

We weary of your musty lore  
Behind dead walls of gray;  
We want His loving words once more  
By some Emmaus way.

Give us the Christ who can bestow  
 Some comfort-thought of death.  
 Give us a Christ our hearts can know —  
 The Man of Nazareth.

*Thomas Curtis Clark*

### Our Known Unknown

O Thou — as represented to me here  
 In such conception as my soul allows —  
 Under Thy measureless, my atom-width!  
 Man's mind, what is it but a convex-glass  
 Wherein are gathered all the scattered points  
 Picked out of the immensity of sky,  
 To reunite there, be our heaven for earth,  
 Our known Unknown, our God revealed to man?

*Robert Browning*

From "The Ring and the Book"

### Today, O Lord

O Lord, I pray  
 That for this day  
     I may not swerve  
 By foot or hand  
 From Thy command  
     Not to be served, but to serve.

This, too, I pray,  
 That from this day  
     No love of ease  
 Nor pride prevent  
 My good intent  
     Not to be pleased, but to please.

And if I may  
I'd have this day  
Strength from above  
To set my heart  
In heavenly art  
Not to be loved, but to love.

*Maltbie D. Babcock*

### Where is Heaven?

Where is Heaven? Is it not  
Just a friendly garden plot,  
Walled with stone and roofed with sun,  
Where the days pass one by one  
Not too fast and not too slow,  
Looking backward as they go  
At the beauties left behind  
To transport the pensive mind.

Does not Heaven begin that day  
When the eager heart can say,  
Surely God is in this place,  
I have seen Him face to face  
In the loveliness of flowers,  
In the service of the showers,  
And His voice has talked to me  
In the sunlit apple tree.

*Bliss Carman*

### A Prayer for the New Year

O year that is going, take with you  
Some evil that dwells in my heart;  
Let selfishness, doubt,  
With the old year go out—  
With joy I would see them depart.

O year that is going, take with you  
 Impatience and wilfulness — pride;  
 The sharp word that slips  
 From those too hasty lips,  
 I would cast, with the old year aside.

O year that is coming, bring with you  
 Some virtue of which I have need;  
 More patience to bear  
 And more kindness to share,  
 And more love that is true love indeed.

*Laura F. Armitage*

### The Stirrup-Cup

Death, thou'rt a cordial old and rare:  
 Look how compounded, with what care!  
 Time got his wrinkles reaping thee  
 Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy distillage went,  
 Keats, and Gotama excellent,  
 Omar Khayyam, and Chaucer bright,  
 And Shakespeare for a king-delight.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt:  
 Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt;  
 'Tis thy rich stirrup-cup to me;  
 I'll drink it down right smilingly.

*Sidney Lanier*

## Mothers of Men

"I hold no cause worth my son's life," one said —  
And the two women with her as she spoke  
Joined glances in a hush that neither broke,  
So present was the memory of their dead.  
And through their meeting eyes their souls drew near,  
Linked by their sons, men who had held life dear  
But laid it down for something dearer still.  
One had wrought out with patient iron will  
The riddle of a pestilence, and won,  
Fighting on stricken, till his work was done  
For children of tomorrow. Far away  
In shell-torn soil of France the other lay,  
And in the letter that his mother read  
Over and over, kneeling as to pray —  
"I'm thanking God with all my heart today,  
Whatever comes" (that was the day he died)  
"I've done my bit to clear the road ahead."  
In those two mothers, common pain of loss  
Blossomed in starry flowers of holy pride,  
What thoughts were hers who silent stood beside  
Her son the dreamer's cross?

*Amelia J. Burr*

## Prayer

I do not ask a truce  
With life's incessant pain;  
But school my lips, O Lord,  
Not to complain.

I do not ask for peace  
From life's eternal sorrow;  
But give me courage, Lord,  
To fight tomorrow!

*Peter Gething*

*From* If Jesus Came Back Today

If Jesus came back today  
 What would the people say?  
 Would they cheer Him and strew the way  
 With garlands of myrtle and bay  
 As they did on that distant day  
 When He came to Jerusalem?  
 What would America say  
 If Jesus came back today?

. . . . .

We fashion great churches and creeds  
 But the heart of the people still bleeds  
 And the poor still rot in their needs.  
 We display with pride His cross  
 In the midst of our pagan life  
 While we hug to our hearts the dross  
 Of our selfishness and strife.  
 What sacrifice have we made  
 To live the love He prayed?  
 What willing blood have we shed  
 To do the deeds He said?  
 To be popular and well-fed  
 We forsake the way He led  
 And follow a ghost instead!

*Vincent Godfrey Burns*

Life's Evening

Ah, yet, ere I descend to the grave,  
 May I a small house and large garden have,  
 And a few friends, and many books, both true,  
 Both wise, and both delightful too!

*Abraham Cowley*



## Altruism

"The earth is not the abode of the strong alone; it is also the home of the loving." *J. Arthur Thomson.*

The God of things that are  
Is the God of the highest heaven;  
The God of the morning star,  
Of the thrush that sings at even;  
The God of the storm and sunshine,  
Of the wolf, the snail, and the bee,  
Of the Alp's majestic silence,  
Of the boundless depths of the sea;

The God of the times and the nations,  
Of the planets as they roll,  
Of the numberless constellations,  
Of the limitless human soul.  
For there is nothing small,  
And naught can mighty be;  
Archangels and atoms all —  
Embodiments of Thee!

A single thought divine  
Holds stars and suns in space;  
A dream of man is Thine,  
And history finds its place.  
When the universe was young  
Thine was the perfect thought  
That life should be bound in one  
By the strand of love enwrought.

In the life of the fern and the lily,  
Of the dragon and the dove,  
Still through the stress and struggle  
Waxes the bond of love.

Out from the ruthless ages  
Rises, like incense mild,  
The love of the man and the woman,  
The love of the mother and child.

*David Starr Jordan*

### The Spring of God

Across the edges of the world there blows a wind  
Mysterious with perfume of a Spring;  
A Spring that is not of the kindling earth,  
That's more than scent of bloom or gleam of bud;  
The Spring of God in flower!  
Down there where neither sun nor air came through,  
I felt it blow across my dungeon walls —

The wind before the footsteps of the Lord!  
It bloweth now across the world;  
It strangely stirs the hearts of men; wars cease;  
Rare deeds familiar grow; fastings and prayers,  
Forgiveness, poverty; temples are built  
On visioned impulses, and children march  
On journeys with no end.  
Far off, far off He comes,  
And we are swept upon our knees  
As meadow grasses kneeling to the wind.

*William A. Percy*

From "In April Once"

### *From The Vision of Sir Launfal*

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;  
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,  
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,  
We bargain for the graves we lie in;

At the devil's booth are all things sold,  
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;  
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,  
    Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;  
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,  
    'Tis only God may be had for the asking;  
No price is set on the lavish Summer;  
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?  
    Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,  
    And over it softly her warm ear lays;  
Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
    An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And, groping blindly above it for light,  
    Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;  
The flush of life may well be seen  
    Thrilling back over hills and valleys;  
The cowslip startles in meadows green,  
    The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean  
    To be some happy creature's palace;  
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
    Attil like a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being o'errun  
    With the deluge of summer it receives;  
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,  
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;  
He sings to the wide world and she to her nest —  
In the nice ear of Nature, which song is the best?

*James Russell Lowell*

### Loyalties

Let us keep splendid loyalties,  
 For we are falling prey to lesser things.  
 What use are breath and strength if we no longer feel  
 The thrill of battle for some holy cause  
 Or hear high morning bugles calling us away?  
 Let brave hearts dare to break the truce with things  
 Ere we have lost our ancient heritage.  
 Are we to gain a world to lose our souls,  
 Souls which can keep faith until death  
 And die, triumphant, in some crimson dawn?

Nay, we must keep faith with the unnumbered brave  
 Who pushed aside horizons, that we might reach  
 The better things: We cannot rest until  
 We have put courage once more on her throne;  
 For Honor clamors for her heritage,  
 And Right still claims a kingdom of its own.

*Walter A. Cutter*

### God Is Here

God is here! I hear His voice  
 While thrushes make the woods rejoice.

I touch His robe each time I place  
 My hand against a pansy's face.

I breathe His breath if I but pass  
 Verbenas trailing through the grass.

God is here! From every tree  
 His leafy fingers beckon me.

*Madeleine Aaron*

### I Tramp a Perpetual Journey

I tramp a perpetual journey,  
My signs are a rain-proof coat, good shoes, and a staff cut  
from the woods,  
No friend of mine takes his ease in my chair,  
I have no chair, no church, no philosophy,  
I lead no man to a dinner-table, library or exchange,  
But each man and each woman of you I lead upon a knoll,  
My left hand hooking you round the waist,  
My right hand pointing to landscapes of continents, and a  
plain public road.  
Not I — nor anyone else, can travel that road for you,  
You must travel it for yourself.

*Walt Whitman*

From "Leaves of Grass"

### Worship

Work is devout, and service is divine.  
Who stoops to scrub a floor  
May worship more  
Than he who kneels before a holy shrine;  
Who crushes stubborn ore  
More worthily adore  
Than he who crushes sacramental wine.

*Roy Campbell MacFie*

### The Seven Ages of Man

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages. As, first, the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:  
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school: And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then the soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

*William Shakespeare*

From "As You Like It"

### *From Among the Ferns*

I lay among the ferns,  
Where they lifted their fronds, innumerable, in the green-  
wood wilderness, like wings winnowing the air;  
And their voices went by me continually.

And I listened, and Lo! softly inaudibly raining I heard not  
the voices of the ferns only, but of all living creatures:  
Voices of mountain and star,  
Of cloud and forest and ocean,  
And of little rills tumbling among the rocks,  
And of the high tops where the moss-beds are and the springs  
arise.  
As the wind at midday rains whitening over the grass,  
As the night-bird glimmers a moment, fleeting between the  
lonely watcher and the moon,  
So softly inaudibly they rained,  
While I sat silent.

And in the silence of the greenwood I knew the secret of the  
growth of the ferns;  
I saw their delicate leaflets tremble breathing an unde-  
scribed and unuttered life;  
And, below, the ocean lay sleeping;  
And round them the mountains and the stars dawned in  
glad companionship forever.

*Edward Carpenter*

### The Newer Vainglory

Two men went up to pray; and one gave thanks,  
Not with himself — aloud,  
With proclamation, calling on the ranks  
Of an attentive crowd.

“Thank God, I clap not my own humble breast,  
But other ruffians’ backs,  
Imputing crime — such is my tolerant haste —  
To any man that lacks.

“ For I am tolerant, generous, keep no rules,  
And the age honors me.  
Thank God I am not as these rigid fools,  
Even as this Pharisee.”

*Alice Meynell*

### The Place of Peace

At the heart of the cyclone tearing the sky  
And flinging the clouds and the towers by,  
Is a place of central calm;  
So here in the roar of mortal things,  
I have a place where my spirit sings,  
In the hollow of God's palm.

*Edwin Markham*

### The Seeker After God

There was a dreamer once, whose spirit trod  
Unnumbered ways in thwarted search for God:  
He stirred the dust on ancient books; he sought  
For certain light in what the teachers taught;  
He took his staff and went unto the Wise,  
And deeper darkness fell about his eyes;  
He lived a hermit, and forebore his food,  
And God left visitless his solitude;  
He wrapped himself in prayer night after night,  
And mocking demons danced across his sight.  
Resigned at last to Him he could not find,  
He turned again to live among mankind —  
And when from man he no more stood apart,  
God, on that instant, visited his heart!

*Harry Kemp*



### The Survivor

When the last day is ended,  
And the nights are through;  
When the last sun is buried  
In its grave of blue;

When the stars are snuffed like candles,  
And the seas no longer fret;  
When the winds unlearn their cunning,  
And the storms forget;

When the last lip is palsied,  
And the last prayer said;  
Love shall reign immortal  
While the worlds lie dead!

*Frederic Lawrence Knowles*

### Choice

Ask and it shall be given.  
Ask — ask.  
And if you ask a stone  
Expect not bread;  
And if the stone glitter like a caught star,  
And shine on a warm, soft breast,  
And you have tossed your soul away  
To see it in that nest,  
Yet is it still a stone — not bread.

Seek and you shall find.  
Seek — seek.  
And if you go the crowded street  
Look not to find the hills;

And if the shops sit gay along the way,  
And laughter fills the air,  
Still — you have lost the hills.

Knock and the door shall open.  
Knock — knock.  
Two doors are there, beware!  
Think well before you knock;  
Your tapping finger will unlock  
Your heaven or hell.

*Ellen Coit Elliott*

### Past Ruined Ilion

Past ruined Ilion Helen lives,  
Alcestis rises from the shades;  
Verse calls them forth; 'tis verse that gives  
Immortal youth to mortal maids.

Soon shall Oblivion's deepening veil  
Hide all the peopled hills you see,  
The gay, the proud, while lovers hail  
These many summers you and me.

*Walter Savage Landor*

### Nature and Religion

Where shall we get religion? Beneath the open sky,  
The sphere of crystal silence surcharged with deity.  
The winds blow from a thousand ways and waft their balms  
abroad,  
The winds blow toward a million goals — but all winds  
blow from God.

The stars the old Chaldeans saw still weave their maze  
on high  
And write a thousand thousand years their bible in the sky.  
The midnight earth sends incense up, sweet with the breath  
of prayer —  
Go out beneath the naked night and get religion there.

Where shall we get religion? Beneath the blooming tree,  
Beside the hill-encircled brooks that loiter to the sea;  
Beside all twilight waters, beneath the noonday shades.  
Beneath the dark cathedral pines, and through the tangled  
glades;  
Wherever the old urge of life provokes the dumb, dead sod  
To tell its thought in violets, the soul takes hold on God.  
Go smell the growing clover, and scent the blooming pear,  
Go forth to seek religion — and find it anywhere.  
*Sam Walter Foss*

### Thanksgiving

For all things beautiful, and good, and true;  
For things that seemed not good yet turned to good;  
For all the sweet compulsions of Thy will  
That chastened, tried, and wrought us to Thy shape;  
For things unnumbered that we take of right,  
And value first when they are withheld;  
For light and air; sweet sense of sound and smell;  
For ears to hear the heavenly harmonies;  
For eyes to see the unseen in the seen;  
For vision of the Worker in the work;  
For hearts to apprehend Thee everywhere; —  
We thank Thee, Lord.

*John Oxenham*

Magna Est Veritas

Here, in this little Bay,  
 Full of tumultuous life and great repose,  
 Where, twice a day,  
 The purposeless, glad ocean comes and goes,  
 Under high cliffs, and far from the huge town,  
 I sit me down.  
 For want of me the world's course will not fail;  
 When all its work is done, the lie shall rot;  
 The truth is great, and shall prevail,  
 When none cares whether it prevail or not.

*Coventry Patmore*

Beauty

How can you smile when pain is everywhere;  
 How flaunt complacently your vulgar wealth?  
 "It is my duty to be gay. My health  
 And calm delight the eye and banish care —  
 It would be sad indeed if none were free  
 To sanction Beauty and embody Joy.  
 Enough of you, who would with gloom destroy  
 My grace. I do my share of Charity!"

Your share of charity! Who tipped the scales  
 To Sophistry and weighed a fancy gown  
 Against a street rat's need of bread? The nails  
 Of Calvary, the cross, the thornèd crown,  
 The face of sorrow that He wore, reply:  
 "Forgive them, God, they know not when they lie!"

*Mary Craig Sinclair*

### Lone-Land

Around us lies a world invisible,  
With isles of dream and many a continent  
Of Thought, and Isthmus Fancy, where we dwell  
Each as a lonely wanderer intent  
Upon his vision; finding each his fears  
And hopes encompassed by the tide of Tears.

*John B. Tabb*

### My Enemy

An enemy I had, whose mien  
I stoutly strove in vain to know;  
For hard he dogged my steps, unseen,  
Wherever I might go.

My plans he balked; my aims he foiled;  
He blocked my every onward way.  
When for some lofty goal I toiled,  
He grimly said me nay.

“Come forth!” I cried, “Lay bare thy guise!  
Thy wretched features I would see.”  
Yet always to my straining eyes  
He dwelt in mystery.

Until one night I held him fast,  
The veil from off his form did draw;  
I gazed upon his face at last —  
And, lo! myself I saw.

*Edwin L. Sabin*

## Memory

My mind lets go a thousand things,  
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,  
And yet recalls the very hour —  
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,  
And on the last blue noon in May —  
The wind came briskly up this way,  
Crisping the brook beside the road;  
Then, pausing here, set down its load  
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly  
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich*

## Pass On the Torch

Pass on the torch, pass on the flame;  
Remember whence the Glory came;  
And eyes are on you as you run,  
Beyond the shining of the sun.  
  
Lord Christ, we take the torch from Thee;  
We must be true, we must be free,  
And clean of heart and strong of soul,  
To bear the Glory to its goal.  
  
America, God hear the prayer —  
America for God, we dare,  
With Lincoln's heart and Lincoln's hand,  
To fling a flame across the land.  
  
O Lord of life, to Thee we kneel;  
Maker of men, our purpose seal!  
We will, for honor of Thy Name,  
Pass on the Torch, pass on the flame.

*Allen Eastman Cross*

### The Miser

I have wasted nothing. O Lord, I have saved,  
Saved, put by in a goodly hoard.  
What of the prodigals? Judge them, Lord —  
Their wanton waste of Thy mercies poured  
Into the sewers! Profligates!  
Judge them, Lord, in Thy righteous wrath.  
I have saved, O Lord, I have scraped and saved,  
With my eyes downbent to my daily path;  
I have counted and carried, checked and stored,  
Nothing too worthless, nothing too small,  
Never a fragment thrown away —  
A gainful use I have found for all.

But what is my store? Do they call this Death,  
This poignant insight? At last I see.  
I have wasted nothing, O Lord, but life,  
Time, and the talent Thou gavest me.

*Laura Bell Everett*

### Whichever Way the Wind Doth Blow

Whichever way the wind doth blow  
Some heart is glad to have it so;  
Then blow it east or blow it west,  
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;  
A thousand fleets from every zone  
Are out upon a thousand seas;  
And what for me were favouring breeze

Might dash another, with the shock  
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.  
And so I do not dare to pray  
For winds to waft me on my way,  
But leave it to a Higher Will  
To stay or speed me; trusting still  
That all is well, and sure that He  
Who launched my bark will sail with me  
Through storm and calm, and will not fail  
Whatever breezes may prevail  
To land me, every peril past,  
Within His sheltering Heaven at last.

Then whatsoever wind doth blow,  
My heart is glad to have it so;  
And blow it east or blow it west,  
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

*Caroline Atherton Mason*

### The Tide of Faith

So faith is strong  
Only when we are strong, shrinks when we shrink.  
It comes when music stirs us, and the chords,  
Moving on some grand climax, shake our souls  
With influx new that makes new energies.  
It comes in swellings of the heart and tears  
That rise at noble and at gentle deeds.  
It comes in moments of heroic love,  
Unjealous joy in joy not made for us;  
In conscious triumph of the good within,  
Making us worship goodness that rebukes.  
Even our failures are a prophecy,  
Even our yearnings and our bitter tears



After that fair and true we cannot grasp.  
Presentiment of better things on earth  
Sweeps in with every force that stirs our souls  
To admiration, self-renouncing love.

*George Eliot*

### Vitæ Summa Brevis

They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,  
Love and desire and hate:  
I think they have no portion in us after  
We pass the gate.  
They are not long, the days of wine and roses:  
Out of a misty dream  
Our path emerges for a while, then closes  
Within a dream.

*Ernest Dowson*

### *From Ulysses*

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:  
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,  
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me —  
That ever with a frolic welcome took  
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old;  
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;  
Death closes all: but something ere the end,  
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.  
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:  
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep  
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,  
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
Push off, and sitting well in order smite

The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars, until I die.  
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:  
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.  
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'  
We are not now that strength which in old days  
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;  
One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

*Alfred Tennyson*

### Invincible

The years race by on padded feet —  
Unhaltingly, and panther-fleet —  
Imprinting marks of drab decay.

My hair grows ashen; cravings numb;  
Lips pale; and telltale age-lines come —  
Life's hoary touch I may not stay.

Time-scarred . . . yet I shall scorn to weep  
For transient youth if I can keep  
My piquant heart from turning gray!

*Winnie Lynch Rockett*

### Rules for the Road

Stand straight:  
Step firmly, throw your weight:  
The heaven is high above your head,  
The good gray road is faithful to your tread.

Be strong:  
Sing to your heart a battle song:  
Though hidden foemen lie in wait,  
Something is in you that can smile at Fate.

Press through:  
Nothing can harm if you are true.  
And when the night comes, rest:  
The earth is friendly as a mother's breast.

*Edwin Markham*

### The White Christs

The White Christs come from the East,  
And they follow the way of the sun;  
And they smile, as Pale Men ask them to  
At the things Pale Men have done;  
For the White Christs sanction the sum of things —  
Faggot and club and gun.

Whine of the groaning car,  
Caste, which divides like a wall;  
Curse of the raw-sored soul;  
Doom of the great and small;  
The White Christs fashioned by Pale White Men  
Sanction and bless it all.

Prophets of truth have said  
That Afric and Ind must mourn;  
And the children of Oman weep  
Trampled and slashed and torn,  
Keeping the watch with brown Cathay  
Till the Black Christs shall be born.

*Guy Fitch Phelps*

### Prayer for a Little Home

God send us a little home  
To come back to when we roam —  
Low walls and fluted tiles  
Wide windows, a view for miles;  
Red firelight and deep chairs;  
Small white beds upstairs;  
Great talk in little nooks;  
Dim colors, rows of books;  
One picture on each wall;  
Not many things at all.  
God send us a little ground —  
Tall trees standing round,  
Homely flowers in brown sod,  
Overhead Thy stars, O God!  
God bless when winds blow  
Our home and all we know.

*Author Unknown*

### The Silent Voices

When the dumb Hour, clothed in black,  
Brings the dreams about my bed,  
Call me not so often back,  
Silent voices of the dead,  
Toward the lowland ways behind me,  
And the sunlight that is gone!  
Call me rather, silent voices,  
Forward to the starry track  
Glimmering up the heights beyond me  
On, and always on!

*Alfred Tennyson*

## Dreamers of Dreams

We are all of us dreamers of dreams,  
On visions our childhood is fed;  
And the heart of the child is unhaunted, it seems,  
By the ghosts of dreams that are dead.

From childhood to youth's but a span,  
And the years of our life are soon sped;  
But the youth is no longer a youth, but a man,  
When the first of his dreams is dead.

'Tis as a cup of wormwood and gall,  
When the doom of a great dream is said;  
And the best of a man is under the pall,  
When the best of his dreams is dead.

He may live on by compact and plan,  
When the fine bloom of living is shed;  
But God pity the little that's left of a man  
When the last of his dreams is dead.

Let him show a brave face if he can,  
Let him woo fame or fortune instead;  
Yet there's not much to do but to bury a man,  
When the last of his dreams is dead.

*William Herbert Carruth*

## Three Words of Strength

There are three lessons I would write,  
Three words, as with a burning pen,  
In tracings of eternal light,  
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ round,  
And gladness hides her face in scorn,  
Put off the shadow from thy brow:  
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven —  
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth —  
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,  
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,  
But man, as man, thy brother call;  
And scatter, like a circling sun,  
Thy charities on all.

*Friedrich von Schiller*

### Legacies

Unto my friends I give my thoughts,  
Unto my God my soul,  
Unto my foe I leave my love —  
These are of life the whole.

Nay, there is something — a trifle — left;  
Who shall receive this dower?  
See, Earth Mother, a handful of dust —  
Turn it into a flower.

*Ethelyn Wetherald*

### Truth, Crushed to Earth

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again —  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies among his worshippers.

*William Cullen Bryant*

## Barter \*

Life has loveliness to sell,  
All beautiful and splendid things,  
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,  
Soaring fire that sways and sings,  
And children's faces looking up  
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,  
Music like a curve of gold,  
Scent of pine trees in the rain,  
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,  
And for your spirit's still delight,  
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,  
Buy it and never count the cost;  
For one white singing hour of peace  
Count many a year of strife well lost,  
And for a breath of ecstasy  
Give all you have been, or could be.

*Sara Teasdale*

## Three Steps

Three steps there are our human life must climb.  
The first is Force.  
The savage struggled to it from the slime  
And still it is our last, ashamed recourse.

Above that jagged stretch of red-veined stone  
Is marble Law,  
Carven with long endeavor, monotone  
Of patient hammers, not yet free from flaw.

\* From "Love Poems" by Sara Teasdale. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Three steps there are our human life must climb.  
The last is Love,  
Wrought from such starry element sublime  
As touches the White Rose and Mystic Dove.

*Katharine Lee Bates*

### Four Things To Do

Four things a man must learn to do  
If he would keep his record true:  
To think, without confusion, clearly;  
To love his fellow-man sincerely;  
To act from honest motives purely;  
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

*Henry van Dyke*

### On Entering a Chapel

Love built this shrine; these hallowed walls uprose  
To give seclusion from the hurrying throng,  
From tumult of the street, complaint and wrong,  
From rivalry and strife, from taunt of foes —  
If foes thou hast. On silent feet come in,  
Bow low in penitence. Whoe'er thou art  
Thou, too, hast sinned. Uplift in prayer thy heart.  
Thy Father's Blessing waiteth. Read within  
This holy place, in pictured light portrayed,  
The characters of worthies who, from years  
Long past, still speak the message here displayed  
In universal language not to fade.  
Leave then thy burden, all thy cares and fears;  
Faith, hope, and love are thine, for thou hast prayed.

*John Davidson*



*From The Happy Warrior*

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he  
That every man in arms should wish to be?  
It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought  
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:  
Whose high endeavors are an inward light  
That makes the path before him always bright. . . .  
'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends  
Upon that law as on the best of friends. . . .  
He labors good on good to fix, and owes  
To virtue every triumph that he knows:  
Who, if he rise to station of command,  
Rises by open means; and there will stand  
On honorable terms, or else retire,  
And in himself possess his own desire;  
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same  
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;  
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait  
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state. . . .  
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,  
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;  
But who, if he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
Is happy as a Lover; and attired  
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;  
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law  
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;  
Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
Come when it will, is equal to the need. . . .  
'Tis, finally, the Man who lifted high,

Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,  
 Or left unthought-of in obscurity —  
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,  
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not —  
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one  
 Where what he most doth value must be won:  
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,  
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray;  
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,  
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
 From well to better, daily self-surpass:  
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth  
 Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,  
 Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,  
 And leave a dead unprofitable name —  
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;  
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws  
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:  
 This is the happy Warrior; this is he  
 That every Man in arms should wish to be.

*William Wordsworth*

### These Times

Our motors pierce the clouds. They penetrate  
 The depth of oceans. Microscopes reveal  
 New worlds to conquer, while we dedicate  
 Our intellects to strength of stone and steel.  
 We are as proud as those who built a tower  
 To reach to heaven. Recklessly we rear  
 Our lofty Babels, arrogant with power.  
 How dare we boast of cities while we hear  
 The nations groping through the dark along  
 The road of life? What right have we for pride

Till Truth is steel, and Faith is iron-strong,  
Till God and man are working side by side?  
Then let our prayers and labors never cease;  
We act the prologue of a masterpiece.

*Gertrude Ryder Bennett*

### The Wise

He who sees  
How action may be rest, rest action — he  
Is wisest 'mid his kind: he hath the truth!  
He doeth well acting or resting. Freed  
In all his works from prickings of desire,  
Burned clean in act by the white fire of truth,  
The wise call that one wise.

*Translated by Edwin Arnold*

From "The Bhagavad Gita"

### Eucharist

Still we who follow Christ in deed  
Must break the bread and spill the wine:  
Still must a costly Eucharist  
Be for a sacrifice and sign.

Our bodies broken for the truth  
By mobs or Pharisees of State  
Must be the bread which Liberty  
Feeds on, and lives, and waxes great.

Our blood, our covenant of love,  
Is the rich wine which we must give  
To a sick world that hates the gift —  
So, by our dying, God may live.

Not by the grape or wheaten bread  
 Can we partake the Eucharist:  
 Communion is to give to God  
 Our blood and bodies, like the Christ.

*E. Merrill Root*

*From Songs in Absence*

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?  
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.  
 And where the land she travels from? Away,  
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,  
 Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;  
 Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below  
 The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild northwesterners rave,  
 How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!  
 The dripping sailor on the reeling mast  
 Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?  
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.  
 And where the land she travels from? Away,  
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

*Arthur Hugh Clough*

Three Things Come Not Back

Remember three things come not back:  
 The arrow sent upon its track —  
 It will not swerve, it will not stay  
 Its speed; it flies to wound, or slay.

The spoken word so soon forgot  
By thee; but it has perished not;  
In other hearts 'tis living still  
And doing work for good or ill.  
And the lost opportunity  
That cometh back no more to thee,  
In vain thou weepest, in vain dost yearn,  
Those three will nevermore return.

*From the Arabic*

### The Best Road of All

I like a road that leads away to prospects white and fair,  
A road that is an ordered road, like a nun's evening prayer;  
But, best of all, I love a road that leads to God knows where.

You come upon it suddenly — you cannot seek it out;  
It's like a secret still unheard and never noised about;  
But when you see it, gone at once is every lurking doubt.

It winds beside some rushing stream where aspens lightly  
quiver;  
It follows many a broken field by many a shining river;  
It seems to lead you on and on, forever and forever!

You tramp along its dusty way, beneath its shadowy trees,  
And hear beside you chattering birds or happy booming bees,  
And all around you golden sounds, the green leaves' litanies.

And here's a hedge, and there's a cot; and then — strange,  
sudden turns —  
A dip, a rise, a little glimpse where the red sunset burns;  
A bit of sky at evening time, the scent of hidden ferns.

A winding road, a loitering road, a finger-mark of God  
Traced when the Maker of the world leaned over ways untrod.

See! Here He smiled His glowing smile, and lo, the golden-rod!

I like a road that wanders straight; the King's highway is fair,

And lovely are the sheltered lanes that take you here and there;

But, best of all, I love a road that leads to God knows where.

*Charles Hanson Towne*

### We Shall Attain

We shall attain — yea, though this dust shall fail,  
And though all evil things conspire to bind  
The struggling soul with gyves of sense, and blind  
Our faith with clay, and though all foes assail  
To utterly destroy us: yet from wail,  
From misery and from doubt, from all mankind  
False hopes, and from the dwarfed and prisoned mind,  
We shall attain to life beyond the veil.

Yea, though 'tis written that all flesh is grass,  
Which springeth up at morn and flourisheth,  
And which at even, when th' inverted glass  
Is emptied of its sands, fades as the breath.  
The dew-lipped rose sighs on the winds that pass —  
Yet in our frailty — we shall conquer death.

*James B. Kenyon*

### What Makes a Nation Great?

Not serried ranks with flags unfurled,  
Not armored ships that gird the world,  
Not hoarded wealth nor busy mills,  
Not cattle on a thousand hills,  
Not sages wise, nor schools nor laws,  
Not boasted deeds in freedom's cause —  
All these may be, and yet the state  
In the eye of God be far from great.

That land is great which knows the Lord,  
Whose songs are guided by His word;  
Where justice rules 'twixt man and man,  
Where love controls in art and plan;  
Where, breathing in his native air,  
Each soul finds joy in praise and prayer —  
Thus may our country, good and great,  
Be God's delight — man's best estate.

*Alexander Blackburn*

### Youth

I shall remember then,  
At twilight time or in the hush of dawn,  
Or yet, mayhap, when on a straying wind  
The scent of lilac comes, or when  
Some strain of music startles and is gone.

Old dreams, old roses, all so far behind,  
Blossoms and birds and ancient shadow-trees,  
Whispers at sunset, the low hum of bees,  
And sheep that graze beneath a summer sun,

Will they too come, they who in yester-year  
Walked the same paths and in the first of Spring,  
And shall I hear  
Their distant voices murmuring?

I shall remember then  
When youth is done,  
With the dim years grown gray;  
And I shall wonder what it is that ends,  
And why they seem so very far away —  
Old dreams, old roses . . . and old friends.

*Thomas S. Jones, Jr.*

### God Hears Prayer

If radio's slim fingers can pluck a melody  
From night — and toss it over a continent or sea;  
If the petalled white notes of a violin  
Are blown across the mountains or the city's din;  
If songs, like crimson roses, are culled from thin blue air —  
Why should mortals wonder if God hears prayer?

*Ethel Romig Fuller*

### Prayer in April

God grant that I may never be  
A scoffer at Eternity —  
As long as every April brings  
The sweet rebirth of growing things;  
As long as grass is green anew,  
As long as April's skies are blue,  
I shall believe that God looks down  
Upon His wide earth, cold and brown,  
To bless its unborn mystery  
Of leaf, and bud, and flower to be;



To smile on it from tender skies —  
How could I think it otherwise?  
Had I been dust for many a year,  
I still would know when Spring was near,  
For the good earth that pillowed me  
Would whisper immortality,  
And I, in part, would rise and sing  
Amid the grasses murmuring.  
When looking on the mother sod,  
Can I hold doubt that this be God?  
Or when a primrose smiles at me,  
Can I distrust Eternity?

*Sara Henderson Hay*

### The Land of Beginning Again

I wish that there were some wonderful place  
In the Land of Beginning Again:  
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches  
And all of our poor selfish grief  
Could be dropped like a shabby old coat at the door  
And never put on again.

I wish we could come on it all unaware,  
Like the hunter who finds a lost trail;  
And I wish that the one whom our blindness had done  
The greatest injustice of all  
Could be there at the gates like an old friend that waits  
For the comrade he's gladdest to hail.

We would find all the things we intended to do  
But forgot, and remembered too late,  
Little praises unspoken, little promises broken,  
And all of the thousand and one  
Little duties neglected that might have perfected  
The day for one less fortunate.

It wouldn't be possible not to be kind  
 In the Land of Beginning Again,  
 And the ones we misjudged and the ones whom we grudged  
 Their moments of victory here,  
 Would find in the grasp of our loving hand-clasp  
 More than penitent lips could explain.

For what had been hardest we'd know had been best,  
 And what had seemed loss would be gain;  
 For there isn't a sting that will not take wing  
 When we've faced it and laughed it away  
 And I think that the laughter is most what we're after  
 In the Land of Beginning Again.

So I wish that there were some wonderful place  
 Called the Land of Beginning Again,  
 Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches,  
 And all of our poor selfish grief  
 Could be dropped like a shabby old coat at the door  
 And never put on again.

*Louise Fletcher Tarkington*

### Life Is Ever Lord of Death

Alas for him who never sees  
 The stars shine through his cypress-trees!  
 Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
 Nor looks to see the breaking day  
 Across the mournful marbles play!  
 Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
 That Life is ever Lord of Death,  
 And Love can never lose its own!

*John Greenleaf Whittier*

From "Snow-Bound"

## Sometimes

Across the fields of yesterday  
He sometimes comes to me,  
A little lad just back from play —  
The lad I used to be.

And yet he smiles so wistfully  
Once he has crept within,  
I wonder if he hopes to see  
The man I might have been.

*Thomas S. Jones, Jr.*

## Use Well the Moment

Use well the moment; what the hour  
Brings for thy use is in thy power;  
And what thou best canst understand  
Is just the thing lies nearest to thy hand.

*J. W. von Goethe*

## Immortality

I live: this much I know; and I defy  
The world to prove that I shall ever die!  
But all men perish? Aye, and even so  
Beneath the grasses lay this body low;  
Forever close these eyes and still this breath;  
All this, yet I shall not have tasted death.

Where are the lips that prattled infant lays?  
The eyes that shone with light of childhood's days?  
The heart that bubbled o'er with boyhood's glee?  
The limbs that bounded as the chamois free?  
The ears that heard life's music everywhere?  
These, all, where are they now? Declare.

Forever gone; forever dead! Yet still  
I live. My love, my hate, my fear, my will,  
My all that makes life living firm abides.  
Death is my youth, and so my age must die;  
But I remain — Imperishable I.

Speed day and year! Fleet by the stream of time!  
Wing, birds of passage, to a sunnier clime.  
Come change, come dissolution and decay,  
To kill the very semblance of this clay!  
Yet, know the conscious, the unchanging I  
Through all eternity shall never die.

*Willis Fletcher Johnson*

### Beyond Electrons

They who once probed and doubted now believe  
The Men of Science, for they humbly learn  
There is a Will that guides the atom's course;  
A Power that directs what they discern  
In light and air, in star and wave and sod;  
Beyond electrons they discover — God!

From research they derive a new faith that  
Sustains foundations of our ancient creeds;  
They grope through matter toward an utmost Light  
And find a living God behind His deeds.

*Adelaide P. Love*

### If Love Be Ours

In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,  
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:  
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,  
That by and by will make the music mute,  
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute,  
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,  
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping: let it go:  
But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no.  
And trust me not at all or all in all.

*Alfred Tennyson*

From "Idylls of the King"

### Love

No show of bolts and bars  
Can keep the foeman out,  
Or 'scape his secret mine  
Who enter'd with the doubt  
That drew the line.  
No warder at the gate  
Can let the friendly in;  
But, like the sun, o'er all  
He will the castle win,  
And shine along the wall.

Implacable is Love —  
Foes may be bought or teased  
From their hostile intent,  
But he goes unappeased  
Who is on kindness bent.

*Henry David Thoreau*

### The Poem I Should Like to Write

The poem I should like to write was written long ago,  
In vast primeval valleys and on mountains clad in snow;  
It was written where no foot of man or beast had ever trod,  
And where the first wild flower turned its smiling face to  
God;  
Where mighty winds swept far and wide o'er dark and sullen  
seas,  
And where the first earth-mother sat, a child upon her knees.

The poem I should like to write is written in the stars,  
Where Venus holds her glowing torch behind her gleaming  
bars;  
Where old Arcturus swings his lamp across the fields of  
space,  
And all his brilliant retinue is wheeling into place;  
Where unknown suns must rise and set, as ages onward  
fare —

The poem I should like to write is surely written there.  
No human hand can write it, for with a pen divine,  
The Master Poet wrote it — each burning word and line.

*Margaret A. Windes*

### Life's Finest Things

Life's finest things, the things that last,  
Are ours, but never fettered fast.

The exodus of birds and fowls when blasts begin to blow,  
The fuzzy Spring buds peeping forth, at passing of the snow;  
Prolific Summer's teeming life, the omtone of the bee,  
Resplendent Autumn's full-toned leaves ablaze on every tree;

The sorcery of Winter's moon, frost's leafage on the pane,  
The solemn forest's awful hush, the rhythm of the rain;  
A timid breeze that wakes a lake, the ocean's troubled  
breast,

A storm-scourged mountain rearing high its chaste un-  
bending crest;

Recall the tender words of love or long forgotten lays,  
The bonfire's spicy fragrant smoke on Indian-summer days.  
The flaming death robes of the day, the marvel of its birth,  
The frozen green in the fissures that split the glacier's girth.  
The glint of gorgeous green-blue eyes in peacock's spread of  
tail,

A sense of God's omnipotence when thunder rends the vale,  
Proud dreams and schemes of vibrant youth which surely  
must come true,

That brave exalted purpose of the child that once was you;  
The nursing back a loved one from the verge of voiceless  
dust,

The greatest boon to human kind, the great, great gift of  
trust.

Life's finest things, the things that last,  
Are ours, but never fettered fast.

The finest things writ on the scroll

Are only grappled by the soul.

*Bangs Burgess*

### What of the Darkness?

What of the darkness? Is it very fair?  
Are there great calms? and find we silence there?  
Like soft-shut lilies, all your faces glow  
With some strange peace our faces never know,  
With some strange faith our faces never dare —  
Dwells it in Darkness? Do you find it there?

Is it a Bosom where tired heads may lie?  
Is it a Mouth to kiss our weeping dry?  
Is it a Hand to still the pulse's leap?  
Is it a Voice that holds the runes of sleep?  
Day shows us not such comfort anywhere —  
Dwells it in Darkness? Do you find it there?

Out of the Day's deceiving light we call —  
Day that shows man so great, and God so small,  
That hides the stars, and magnifies the grass —  
O is the Darkness too a lying glass!  
Or undistracted, do you find truth there?  
What of the Darkness? Is it very fair?

*Richard le Gallienne*

### Christmas Eve

The door is on the latch tonight,  
The hearth-fire is aglow,  
I seem to hear soft passing feet —  
The Christ child in the snow.

My heart is open wide tonight  
For stranger, kith or kin;  
I would not bar a single door  
Where love might enter in.

*Author Unknown*

### The Pathway to Paradise

"How shall I find it, and which way lies  
The pathway leading to Paradise?"  
For dark and long is the road I tread;  
And its end is lost in the mist ahead.



I met a man with a heavy load  
Toiling along the dusty road.  
He answered my question in mild surprise:  
" True work is the pathway to Paradise."

I met a group with laughter and song  
Passing the woodland ways along.  
They sang their answer: " This way it lies,  
And joy is the pathway to Paradise."

I met a woman and little child.  
I asked my question. The mother smiled  
And looked down into her baby's eyes:  
" Oh, love is the pathway to Paradise."

*Ozora S. Davis*

### Sonnet

Be secret, heart; and if your dreams have come  
To nothingness, and if their weight was sweet  
Within you — then be silent in defeat,  
Counting your lost imaginings as the sum  
Of destined joy. Lest men should call you dumb  
Sing still the songs that hold within their beat  
The hopes of every man, and the wild, sweet  
Predictions of what earth shall yet become.  
Be secret, heart. The words that you would tell  
Of your own longing, and your keen distress —  
Hold them to silence; kill, destroy, suppress  
That melody, although you love it well.  
And sing the songs that men have always sung  
Of love and sorrow, since the world was young.

*Anna Virginia Mitchell*

### Nicodemus

And Nicodemus came by night  
 When none might hear or see —  
 He came by night to shun men's sight  
 And away by night slunk he.

He dared not come by light of day  
 To move where sinners trod:  
 He must hold apart from the common heart,  
 For he was a man of God. . . .

But the honest Christ, He walked with men  
 Nor held His ways apart —  
 With publicans talked, with harlots walked,  
 And loved them all in His heart. . . .

Came Nicodemus to Christ by night;  
 And long they reasoned, alone,  
 Till the old man saw the sham of the law  
 That turned his being to stone;

He tore the formal husks from his life;  
 He was born again, though gray.  
 And, erect with the youth of a living truth  
 He dared the world by day!

*Harry Kemp*

### A New Year

Here's a clean year,  
 A white year.  
 Reach your hand and take it.  
 You are  
 The builder,  
 And no one else can make it.

See what it is  
That waits here,  
Whole and new;  
It's not a year only,  
But a world  
For you!

*Mary Carolyn Davies*

### Miracles

Why, who makes much of a miracle?  
As to me I know of nothing else but miracles,  
Whether I walk the streets of Manhattan,  
Or dart my sight over the roofs of houses toward the  
sky,  
Or wade with naked feet along the beach just in the edge of  
the water,  
Or stand under trees in the woods,  
Or talk by day with any one I love,  
Or sit at table at dinner with the rest,  
Or look at strangers opposite me riding in the car.  
Or watch honey-bees busy around the hive of a Summer  
forenoon,  
Or animals feeding in the fields,  
Or birds, or the wonderfulness of insects in the air,  
Or the wonderfulness of the sundown, or of stars shining so  
quiet and bright,  
Or the exquisite delicate thin curve of the new moon in  
Spring;  
These with the rest, one and all, are to me miracles,  
The whole referring, yet each distinct and in its place.

To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,  
Every cubic inch of space is a miracle,

Every square yard of the surface of the earth is spread with  
the same,  
Every foot of the interior swarms with the same.

To me the sea is a continual miracle,  
The fishes that swim — the rocks — the motion of the waves  
— the ships with men in them,  
What stranger miracles are there?

*Walt Whitman*

### Faith

“ Must I submissive bow to earth my head?  
Restrain the restless daring of my mind?  
Bound by the palimpsests of men long dead,  
Live in the daylight as a man made blind? ”

“ Yea, lowly bend thy stubborn neck and knees,  
And thou shalt win what thy proud ardors seek.  
This pathway leads to kindled mysteries  
That none have ever seen except the meek.”

“ Never for me such craven sacrifice!  
Bravely I go upon a lonely quest.  
I will not fold my hands and close my eyes  
To gain an easy and ignoble rest.”

“ So thou hast courage? Test it. Thou shalt find  
Precipitous the pathways to be trod.  
Summon the utmost valiance of thy mind.  
Only the audacious ever win to God.”

*Theodore Maynard*

### The Forgotten Countersign

Life met me on the threshold — young, divine,  
And promised me unutterable things;  
And Love, with fragrant greeting on his wings,  
Looked in my eyes and laid his lips on mine,  
And bade me quaff the magic of his wine  
That deep delight, or disillusion brings.  
Ah! had I kept my fair imaginings,  
I had not lost the heavenly countersign;  
The Shibboleth of soul supremacy;  
The dower from my birth in higher spheres.  
Then might I know the purer ecstasy  
Of conquering Earth's test of alien tears —  
And Life, perchance, her promise might redeem,  
And Love be more than a delusive dream!

*Corinne Roosevelt Robinson*

### *From* Ode on Intimations of Immortality

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
    To me did seem  
    Apparelled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it hath been of yore; —  
    Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
    By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.  
    The rainbow comes and goes,  
    And lovely is the rose;  
    The moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare;  
 Waters on a starry night  
 Are beautiful and fair;  
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
 But yet I know, where'er I go,  
 That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

\* \* \*

O joy! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live,  
 That nature yet remembers  
 What was so fugitive!  
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest,  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in her breast: —  
 Not for these I raise  
 The song of thanks and praise;  
 But for those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings;  
 Blank misgivings of a creature  
 Moving about in worlds not realized,  
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature  
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:  
 But for those first affections,  
 Those shadowy recollections,  
 Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
 Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;  
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,  
    To perish never;  
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,  
    Nor man nor boy  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy!  
    Hence in a season of calm weather,  
    Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
    Which brought us hither;  
    Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

*William Wordsworth*

### The World Is One

The world is one; we cannot live apart,  
    To earth's remotest races we are kin;  
God made the generations of one blood;  
    Man's separation is a sign of sin.

What though we solve the secret of the stars,  
    Or from the vibrant ether pluck a song,  
Can this for all man's tyranny atone  
    While Mercy weeps and waits and suffers long?

Put up the sword, its day of anguish past;  
    Disarm the forts, and then, the war-flags furled,  
Forever keep the air without frontiers,  
    The great, free, friendly highway of the world.

So that at last to rapture men may come,  
And hear again the music of the spheres,  
And stand erect, illumined, radiant, free,  
The travail and the triumph of the years.

*Hinton White*

### Riches

What to a man who loves the air  
Are trinkets, gauds, and jewels rare?  
And what is wealth or fame to one  
Who is a brother to the sun;  
Who drinks the wine that morning spills  
Upon the heaven-kissing hills,  
And sees a ray of hope afar  
In every glimmer of a star?

What to a man whose god is truth  
Are spoils and stratagems, forsooth —  
Who looks beyond the doors of death  
For loftier life, sublimer breath;  
Who can forswear the state of kings  
In knowledge of diviner things,  
The dreams immortal that unroll  
And burst to blossoms in his soul?

*Robert Loveman*

### Only the Dream Is Real

Only the dream is real. There is no plan  
Transcending even a rose's timid glory,  
A cricket's summer song. The ways of man  
Are stupors of the flesh, and transitory.



There is no truth but dreams; yet man must spend  
His gift of quiet days in storm and stress,  
Unheeding that a single breath will end  
With one swift stroke the hoax of worldliness.

Only the dream will last. Some distant day  
The wheels will falter, and the silent sun  
Will see the last beam leveled to decay,  
And all man's futile clangor spent and done.  
Yet after brick and steel and stone are gone,  
And flesh and blood are dust, the dream lives on.  
*Anderson M. Scruggs*

### Expect!

Expect the best! It lies not in the past.  
God ever keeps the good wine till the last.  
Beyond are nobler work and sweeter rest.  
Expect the best!

*William Pierson Merrill*

### I Would Not Always Reason

I would not always reason. The straight path  
Wearies us with the never-varying lines,  
And we grow melancholy. I would make  
Reason my guide, but she should sometimes sit  
Patiently by the wayside, while I traced  
The mazes of the pleasant wilderness  
Around me. She should be my counsellor,  
But not my tyrant. For the spirit needs  
Impulses from a deeper source than hers;  
And there are notions, in the mind of man,  
That she must look upon with awe.

*William Cullen Bryant*

From "The Conjunction of Jupiter and Venus"

# The Master of My Boat

I owned a little boat a while ago  
 And sailed a Morning Sea without a fear,  
 And whither any breeze might fairly blow  
 I'd steer the little craft afar or near.

Mine was the boat,  
 And mine the air,  
 And mine the sea,  
 Not mine a care.

My boat became my place of nightly toil,  
 I sailed at sunset to the fishing ground;  
 At morn the boat was freighted with the spoil  
 That my all-conquering work and skill had found.

Mine was the boat,  
 And mine the net,  
 And mine the skill  
 And power to get.

One day there passed along the silent shore,  
 While I my net was casting in the sea,  
 A Man, who spoke as never man before;  
 I followed Him — new life began in me.

Mine was the boat,  
 But His the voice,  
 And His the call,  
 Yet mine the choice.

Ah, 'twas a fearful night out on the lake,  
 And all my skill availed not at the helm,  
 Till Him asleep I waken, crying, " Take,  
 Take Thou command, lest waters overwhelm! "

His was the boat,  
And His the sea,  
And His the peace  
O'er all and me.

Once from His boat He taught the curious throng,  
Then bade me let down nets out in the sea;  
I murmured, but obeyed, nor was it long  
Before the catch amazed and humbled me.

His was the boat,  
And His the skill,  
And His the catch,  
And His my will.

*Joseph Addison Richards*

### Slaves

They are slaves who fear to speak,  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are slaves who will not choose,  
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink,  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are slaves who dare not be,  
In the right with two or three.

*James Russell Lowell*

### On Broadway

Great jewels glitter like a wizard's rain  
Of pearl and ruby in the women's hair.  
And all the men — each drags a golden chain,  
As though he walked in freedom. In the glare,

Luxurious-cushioned wheels a revel-train  
Where kings of song with weary feet have trod,  
Where Poe, sad priest to Beauty and to Pain,  
Bore through the night the Vision and the God.

And yet, perhaps, in this assemblage vast,  
In some poor heart sounds the enraptured chord,  
And staggering homeward from a hopeless quest  
The God-anointed touched me, meanly dressed,  
And, like a second Peter, I have passed  
Without salute the vessel of the Lord.

*George Sylvester Viereck*

### Do You Fear the Wind?

Do you fear the force of the wind,  
The slash of the rain?  
Go face them and fight them,  
Be savage again.  
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,  
Go wade like the crane:  
The palms of your hands will thicken,  
The skin of your cheek will tan,  
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy,  
But you'll walk like a man!

*Hamlin Garland*

### What Is Good?

"What is the real good?"  
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;  
Knowledge, said the school;

Truth, said the wise man;  
Pleasure, said the fool;  
Love, said a maiden;  
Beauty, said the page;  
Freedom, said the dreamer;  
Home, said the sage;  
Fame, said the soldier;  
Equity, the seer; —

Spake my heart full sadly,  
“The answer is not here.”

Then within my bosom  
Softly this I heard:  
“Each heart holds the secret;  
Kindness is the word.”

*John Boyle O'Reilly*

## Life

Life is too brief  
Between the budding and the falling leaf.  
Between the seed time and the golden sheaf,  
For hate and spite.  
We have no time for malice and for greed;  
Therefore, with love make beautiful the deed;  
Fast speeds the night.

Life is too swift  
Between the blossom and the white snow's drift,  
Between the silence and the lark's uplift,  
For bitter words.  
In kindness and in gentleness our speech  
Must carry messages of hope, and reach  
The sweetest chords.

Life is too great  
Between the infant's and the man's estate,  
Between the clashing of earth's strife and fate,  
For petty things.  
Lo! we shall yet who creep with cumbered feet  
Walk glorious over heaven's golden street,  
Or soar on wings!

*W. M. Vories*

### Chiaroscuro

Beauty growing on a thorn,  
Love victorious on a tree —  
Conquer every cynic's scorn,  
Prove life's immortality!

*John B. Thompson*

### Life Shall Live For Evermore

My own dim life should teach me this,  
That life shall live for evermore:  
Else earth is darkness at the core,  
And dust and ashes all that is —

This round of green, this orb of flame,  
Fantastic beauty; such as lurks  
In some wild poet, when he works  
Without a conscience or an aim.

What then were God to such as I?  
'Twere hardly worth my while to choose  
Of things all mortal; or to use  
A little patience ere I die:

'Twere best at once to sink to peace —  
Like birds the charming serpent draws,  
To drop headforemost in the jaws  
Of vacant darkness, and to cease.

*Alfred Tennyson*

From "In Memoriam"

### Miracle

Yesterday the twig was brown and bare;  
Today the glint of green is there  
Tomorrow will be leaflets spare;  
I know no thing so wondrous fair  
No miracle so strangely rare.  
I wonder what will next be there!

*L. H. Bailey*

### Humanity

There is a soul above the soul of each,  
A mightier soul, which yet to each belongs —  
There is a sound made of all human speech,  
And numerous as the concourse of all songs:  
And in that soul lives each, in each that soul,  
Though all the ages are its lifetime vast;  
Each soul that dies, in its most sacred whole  
Receiveth life that shall for ever last.  
And thus for ever with a wider span  
Humanity o'erarches time and death:  
Man can elect the universal man  
And live in life that ends not with this breath;  
And gather glory that increases still  
Till Time his glass with Death's last dust shall fill.

*Richard Watson Dixon*

# A Prayer for Today

Lord, in an age of steel and stone,  
 When girders tell the dreamer's plan:  
 Give me the grace to stand alone,  
 Give me the strength to be a man.

As mighty trains on shining rails  
 Haste onward through the night and day:  
 Send me on work that never fails  
 Because of indolent delay.

As planes that plunge into the sky  
 To find themselves upborne on air:  
 Teach me the life of trust to try,  
 And find the soul upheld through prayer.

From distant places voices speak —  
 They fill the mind with mystery:  
 Then may I now Thy message seek,  
 O, let me keep in tune with Thee.

Amid the motion of machine,  
 The whirl of wheel, the rush of wings:  
 Help me to live the life serene,  
 Because victorious over things.

May something of the vast designs  
 That motivate and move our days,  
 Be but inevitable signs  
 Which call life into lordlier ways.

*Charles Nelson Pace*



### Be Merciful

Once ran my prayer as runs the brook  
O'er pebbles and through sunny meads;  
No pain my inmost spirit shook,  
Words broke in shallows of small needs.

But now the shadows on me lie,  
Deep-cut the channel of the years;  
And prayer is but a sobbing cry  
Through whitened lips and falling tears.

Not glibly, but with broken speech,  
O God, my God, I pray to Thee;  
Enough if now I may beseech,  
Be merciful, O God, to me!

*John T. McFarland*

### The Undiscovered Country

Lord, for the erring thought  
Not unto evil wrought:  
Lord, for the wicked will  
Betrayed and baffled still:  
For the heart from itself kept,  
Our thanksgiving accept.  
For ignorant hopes that were  
Broken to our blind prayer:  
For pain, death, sorrow sent  
Unto our chastisement:  
For all loss of seeming good,  
Quicken our gratitude.

*William Dean Howells*

## Two Prayers

Only for these I pray,  
 Pray with assurance strong:  
 Light to discover the way,  
 Power to follow it long.

Let me have light to see,  
 Light to be sure and know;  
 When the road is clear to me  
 Willingly I go.

Let me have power to do,  
 Power of the brain and nerve,  
 Though the task is heavy and new  
 Willingly I will serve.

My prayers are lesser than three,  
 Nothing I pray but two  
 Let me have light to see,  
 Let me have power to do.

*Charlotte Perkins Gilman*

## Foreign Missions in Battle Array

An endless line of splendor,  
 These troops with heaven for home,  
 With creeds they go from Scotland,  
 With incense go from Rome.  
 These, in the name of Jesus,  
 Against the dark gods stand,  
 They gird the earth with valor,  
 They heed their King's command.

Onward the line advances,  
Shaking the hills with power,  
Slaying the hidden demons,  
The lions that devour.  
No bloodshed in the wrestling, —  
But souls new-born arise —  
The nations growing kinder,  
The child-hearts growing wise.

What is the final ending?  
The issue, can we know?  
Will Christ outlive Mohammed?  
Will Kali's altar go?  
This is our faith tremendous, —  
Our wild hope, who shall scorn, —  
That in the name of Jesus  
The world shall be reborn!

*Vachel Lindsay*

### **Ships That Pass in the Night**

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,  
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;  
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,  
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and silence.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

From "Tales of a Wayside Inn"

### **Silence**

God must have loved the silence, for he laid  
A stillness on the sunset and the dawn;  
Upon the moment when the bird has gone  
Leaving a note, high-hung, within the glade

More sweet than when he sang it; moons that pass  
Too full of forests' changelessness for sound;  
Creeping of little frosts along the ground;  
Silence of growth among the summer grass.

God must have deeply loved the silences,  
For is there one of us who has not heard  
Promptings to silence that he speaks not of?

What of an old remorse; a hope that is  
Too deeply hoped; what of a grief outgrown;  
And silent, old, unconquerable love?

*Mavis C. Barnett*

### Love Suffereth Long

The Writ of Loving Well  
Still makes its old demands:  
A sometime residence in Hell,  
The nailprints in the hands.

All those who pledge themselves,  
And to its terms agree  
Must chance an unexclusive cross,  
A common Calvary!

*Sara Henderson Hay*

### Nameless Saints

The healing of the world  
Is in its nameless saints. Each separate star  
Means nothing, but a myriad scattered stars  
Break up the night and make it beautiful.

*Bayard Taylor*

## Goshen

How can you live in Goshen?  
Said a friend from afar.  
This is a wretched little place  
Where people talk about tawdry things  
And plant cabbages in the moonlight. . . .

But I do not live in Goshen, I answered.  
I live in Greece  
Where Plato taught and Phidias carved.  
I live in Rome  
Where Cicero penned immortal lines  
And Michelangelo dreamed things of beauty.  
Do not think my world is small  
Because you find me in a little village.  
I have my books, my pictures, my dreams,  
Enchantments that transcend Time and Space.  
I do not live in Goshen at all,  
I live in an unbounded universe  
With the great souls of all the ages  
For my companions.

*Edgar Frank*

## Prayer

Father, I scarcely dare to pray,  
So clear I see, now it is done,  
That I have wasted half my day,  
And left my work but just begun.

So clear I see that things I thought  
Were right or harmless were a sin;  
So clear I see that I have sought,  
Unconscious, selfish aims to win.

So clear I see that I have hurt  
 The souls I might have helped to save;  
 That I have slothful been, inert,  
 Deaf to the calls Thy leaders gave.

In outskirts of Thy kingdom vast,  
 Father, the humblest spot give me;  
 Set me the lowliest task Thou hast;  
 Let me, repentant, work for Thee!

*Helen Hunt Jackson*

### Prayer for Miracle

O God! No more Thy miracle withhold;  
 To us in tents give palaces of gold.  
 And while we stumble among things that are  
 Give us the solace of a guiding-star!

*Anna Wickham*

### The Heart Is a Strange Thing

The heart is a strange thing:  
 It has no eyes,  
 But it can see through dark earth  
 And beyond blue skies.

The heart has no hands,  
 But, knowing Love's touch,  
 All the hands of the world  
 Cannot do as much.

The heart has no feet,  
 But it may go  
 Swiftly to Heaven above  
 Or Hell below.

The heart is a strange thing,  
More strange than the head:  
Sometimes it may live again  
After long dead.

*Minnie Case Hopkins*

### The Heart of the Tree

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants a friend of sun and sky;  
He plants the flag of breezes free;  
The shaft of beauty, towering high;  
He plants a home to heaven anigh  
For song and mother-croon of bird  
In hushed and happy twilight heard —  
The treble of heaven's harmony —  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants cool shade and tender rain,  
And seed and bud of days to be,  
And years that fade and flush again;  
He plants the glory of the plain;  
He plants the forest's heritage;  
The harvest of a coming age;  
The joy that unborn eyes shall see —  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,  
In love of home and loyalty  
And far-cast thought of civic good —  
His blessing on the neighborhood

Who in the hollow of His hand  
Holds all the growth of all our land —  
A nation's growth from sea to sea  
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

*Henry C. Bunner*

### A Little Work

A little work, a little play  
To keep us going — and so, good-day!  
A little warmth, a little light  
Of love's bestowing — and so, good-night!  
A little fun, to match the sorrow  
Of each day's growing — and so, good-morrow!  
A little trust that when we die  
We reap our sowing! And so — good-bye!

*George du Maurier*

### I Would Be Great

O Lord,  
I would be great —  
But not in some spectacular way  
For world acclaim.  
Beyond my talents  
Lie outstanding deeds, perhaps;  
But, Lord, I would be great  
In faithfulness to each small task  
Thou givest me,  
To do the best I can  
With what I have  
For Thy name's sake.



And if, some day, Thou sendest me  
Some task that seems too big  
For hands that only little deeds have done,  
I know that what I cannot do,  
Thou canst, through me, if I but will,  
And in Thy strength  
I'll do the thing that is too big for me.  
Help me, O Lord, to stand approved  
In faithfulness to every task.  
Thus, in Thy sight  
I will be great.

*Hattie B. McCracken*

### Builders

When we build, let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for present delight nor for present use alone. Let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them, "See! This our Fathers did for us."

*John Ruskin*

### Avè Crux, Spes Unica!

More than two crosses stand on either side  
The Cross today on more than one dark hill;  
More than three hours a myriad men have cried,  
And they are crying still.  
  
Before Him now no mocking faces pass;  
Heavy on all who built the cross, it lies;  
Pilate is hanging there, and Caiaphas,  
Judas without his price.

Men scourge each other with their stinging whips;  
 To crosses high they nail, and they are nailed;  
 More than one dying man with parchèd lips,  
 " My God! My God! " has wailed.

Enlarged is Golgotha. But One alone  
 His healing shadow over all can fling;  
 One King Divine has made His Cross a Throne.  
 " Remember us, O King! "

*Edward Shillito*

### Each and All

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown  
 Of thee from the hill-top looking down;  
 The heifer that lows in the upland farm,  
 Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;  
 The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,  
 Deems not that great Napoleon  
 Stops his horse, and lists with delight,  
 Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;  
 Nor knowest thou what argument  
 Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.  
 All are needed by each one —  
 Nothing is fair or good alone.  
 I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,  
 Singing at dawn on the alder bough;  
 I brought him home, in his nest, at even;  
 He sings the song, but it cheers not now;  
 For I did not bring home the river and sky;  
 He sang to my ear — they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;  
 The bubbles of the latest wave  
 Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,

And the bellowing of the savage sea  
Greeted their safe escape to me.  
I wiped away the weeds and foam —  
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;  
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things  
Had left their beauty on the shore  
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,  
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,  
Nor knew her beauty's best attire  
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.  
At last she came to his hermitage,  
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;  
The gay enchantment was undone —  
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;  
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;  
I leave it behind with the games of youth."  
As I spoke, beneath my feet  
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,  
Running over the club-moss burrs;  
I inhaled the violet's breath;  
Around me stood the oaks and firs;  
Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground;  
Over me soared the eternal sky,  
Full of light and deity;  
Again I saw, again I heard,  
The rolling river, the morning bird;  
Beauty through my senses stole;  
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

### Gifts

Dear God, I stand with empty hands  
 To have them filled.  
 The other gifts Thou gavest me  
 I long have spilled.  
 And some I broke upon these stones,  
 And some are bled  
 Until they died, because my thoughts  
 To strangeness wed.

Dear God, I would have other gifts  
 Within my hands.  
 Seal them upon me in Thy wrath  
 With golden bands;  
 That I may never lose again  
 A love, but free  
 My heart, in deepening loneliness,  
 To ecstasy.

*Mary Edgar Comstock*

### For Transient Things

Let us thank God for unfulfilled desire,  
 For beauty that escapes our clutch and flies;  
 Let us thank God for loveliness that dies,  
 For violet leapings of a dying fire,  
 For ebbing lives and seas, the fading choir  
 Of quiet stars, the momentary guise  
 That love assumes within a lover's eyes  
 Before it fades with other things that tire.  
 Better that beauty wear into the night  
 An inky garment of uncandled hours

Than stay forever robed in festal white,  
And so, familiar grown, like flowers  
One counts as common weeds, begin to pall —  
Better that beauty should not be at all.

*James A. S. McPeck*

### Simon and Judas

How dare we look askance at these two men,  
Toy with unspoken thoughts, "Were I there then —"  
Venture to pity, blame, or mildly scoff?  
We, who have struck not once with any sword,  
Who have so many times betrayed our Lord,  
Nor followed even at a great way off!

*Kenneth W. Porter*

### Kinship

I am part of the sea and stars  
And the winds of the South and North,  
Of mountain and moon and Mars,  
And the ages sent me forth!

Blind Homer, the splendor of Greece,  
Sang the songs I sang ere he fell;  
She whom men call Beatrice  
Saw me in the depths of hell.

I was hanged at dawn for a crime —  
Flesh dies, but the soul knows no death;  
I piped to great Shakespeare's chime  
The witches' song in Macbeth.

All, all who have suffered and won,  
 Who have struggled and failed and died,  
 Am I, with work still undone,  
 And a spear-mark in my side.

I am part of the sea and stars  
 And the winds of the South and North,  
 Of mountain and moon and Mars,  
 And the ages sent me forth!

*Edward H. S. Terry*

### The Secret

April whispered this to me  
 And I have done with sorrow now:  
 "I am death's white mystery,"  
 April whispered this to me.

*"Life from death! O ecstasy  
 Of the first white lifted bough!"*  
 April whispered this to me  
 And I have done with sorrow.

*John Richard Moreland*

### Faith

I will not doubt, though all my ships at sea  
 Come drifting home with broken masts and sails;  
 I shall believe the Hand which never fails  
 From seeking evil worketh good for me;  
 And though I weep because those sails are battered,  
 Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie shattered,  
 "I trust in Thee."

I will not doubt, though all my prayers return  
Unanswered from the still, white realm above;  
I shall believe it is an all-wise Love  
Which has refused those things for which I yearn;  
And though at times I cannot keep from grieving,  
Yet the pure ardor of my fixed believing  
Undimmed shall burn.

I will not doubt, though sorrows fall like rain,  
And troubles swarm like bees about a hive;  
I shall believe the heights for which I strive  
Are only reached by anguish and by pain;  
And though I groan and tremble with my crosses,  
I yet shall see, through my severest losses,  
The greater gain.

I will not doubt; well anchored in the faith,  
Like some staunch ship, my soul braves every gale,  
So strong its courage that it will not fail  
To breast the mighty unknown sea of Death.  
O, may I cry, when body parts with spirit,  
"I do not doubt," so listening worlds may hear it,  
With my last breath.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

### Fortune

There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

*William Shakespeare*

From "Julius Caesar"

*From The Over-Heart*

Above, below, in sky and sod  
 In leaf and spar, in star and man,  
 Well might the wise Athenian scan  
 The geometric signs of God,  
 The measured order of His plan.

And India's mystics sang aright  
 Of the One Life pervading all —  
 One Being's tidal rise and fall  
 In soul and form, in sound and sight —  
 Eternal outflow and recall.

God is: and man in guilt and fear  
 This central fact of Nature owns; —  
 Kneels, trembling, by his altar-stones,  
 And darkly dreams the ghastly smear  
 Of blood appeases and atones.

Guilt shapes by Terror: deep within  
 The human heart the secret lies  
 Of all the hideous deities;  
 And, painted on a ground of sin,  
 The fabled gods of torment rise!

And what is He? — The ripe grain nods,  
 The sweet dew falls, the flowers blow;  
 But darker signs His presence show:  
 The earthquake and the storm are God's  
 And good and evil interflow.



O hearts of love! O souls that turn  
Like sunflowers to the pure and best!  
To you the truth is manifest:  
For they the mind of Christ discern  
Who lean like John upon his breast!

*John Greenleaf Whittier*

### The Friendly Faces of Old Sorrows

I love the friendly faces of old Sorrows;  
I have no secrets that they do not know.  
They are so old, I think they have forgotten  
What bitter words were spoken, long ago.

I hate the cold, stern faces of new Sorrows  
Who stand and watch, and catch me all alone.  
I should be braver if I could remember  
How different the older ones have grown.

*Karle Wilson Baker*

### Wages

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,  
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea!  
Glory of virtue: to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong.  
Nay, but she aimed not at glory, no lover of glory she:  
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue be dust,  
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm  
and the fly?  
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just —  
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:  
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

*Alfred Tennyson*

### The Music of a Friend

I had a garden where for sunless days  
 And many starless nights the dusky ways  
 Were weed-o'ergrown and silent. There I heard  
 No voice of love low calling to its own,  
 And found nor joy nor beauty; but alone  
 I lived, till through the silence, like a bird  
 Full-throated, came the music of a friend.

*Louis V. Ledoux*

### Peace and Joy

Peace does not mean the end of all our striving,  
 Joy does not mean the drying of our tears;  
 Peace is the power that comes to souls arriving  
 Up to the light where God Himself appears.

Joy is the wine that God is ever pouring  
 Into the hearts of those who strive with Him,  
 Light'ning their eyes to vision and adoring,  
 Strength'ning their arms to warfare glad and grim.

*G. A. Studdert-Kennedy*

### Mizpah

Go thou thy way, and I go mine;  
 Apart, yet not afar;  
 Only a thin veil hangs between  
 The pathways where we are.  
 And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me,"  
 This is my prayer;  
 He looks thy way, He looketh mine,  
 And keeps us near.

I know not where thy road may lie,  
Or which way mine may be;  
If mine shall be through parching sands  
And thine beside the sea.  
Yet "God keep watch 'tween thee and me."  
So never fear.  
He holds thy hand, He claspeth mine,  
And keeps us near.

Should wealth and fame perchance be thine,  
And my lot lowly be;  
Or you be sad and sorrowful  
And glory be for me,  
Yet "God keep watch 'tween thee and me."  
Both be His care.  
One arm round thee and one round me  
Will keep us near.

I sigh sometimes to see thy face,  
But since this may not be,  
I'll leave thee to the care of Him  
Who cares for thee and me.  
"I'll have you both beneath my wings" —  
This comforts, dear,  
One wing o'er thee and one o'er me,  
So we are near.

And though our paths be separate  
And thy way is not mine,  
Yet, coming to the mercy-seat,  
My soul will meet with thine.  
And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me"  
I'll whisper here;  
He blesseth thee, He blesseth me,  
And we are near.

*Julia A. Baker*

Live and Love

Live and love,  
Doing both nobly, because lowly;  
Live and work strongly, because patiently.  
That it be well done, unrepented of,  
And not to loss.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

The Song of the Unsuccessful

We are the toilers whom God hath barred  
The gifts that are good to hold,  
We meant full well and we tried full hard,  
And our failures were manifold.

And we are the clan of those whose kin  
Were a millstone dragging them down,  
Yea, we had to sweat for our brother's sin,  
And lose the victor's crown.

The seeming-able, who all but scored,  
From their teeming tribe we come:  
What was there wrong with us, O Lord,  
That our lives were dark and dumb?

The men, ten-talented, who still  
Strangely, missed the goal,  
Of them we are: it seems Thy will  
To harrow some in soul.

We are the sinners, too, whose lust  
Conquered the higher claims,  
We sat us prone in the common dust,  
And played at the devil's games.

We are the hard-luck folk, who strove  
Zealously, but in vain;  
We lost and lost, while our comrades throve,  
And still we are lost again.

We are the doubles of those whose way  
Was festal with fruits and flowers,  
Body and brain we were sound as they,  
But the prizes were not ours.

A mighty army our full ranks make,  
We shake the graves as we go;  
The sudden stroke and the slow heart-break,  
They both have brought us low.

And while we are laying life's sword aside,  
Spent and dishonored and sad,  
Our Epitaph this, when once we have died:  
"The weak lie here, and the bad."

We wonder if this can be really the close,  
Life's fever cooled by death's trance;  
And we cry, though it seem to our dearest of foes,  
"God, give us another chance!"

*Richard Burton*

### Grace for Grace

Thy gifts without Thy grace are lacking still;  
Imperfect I do turn Thy gifts to ill;  
Therefore would I with all Thy gifts entreat  
These graces three to make Thy gifts complete:  
The grace to see, and wonder at the sight;  
The grace to take, and use Thy gift aright;  
The grace to share with him in poorer plight.

*Mark Guy Pearse*

### The Proud

They are the proudest who have met defeat,  
 They are the proudest who must walk alone,  
 Cherishing the vanished and the sweet,  
 Remembering blossoms broken on a stone.

Go softly, you who have no loss to weep,  
 Who sink at night to deep, untroubled rest,  
 And envy the defeated who must keep  
 The ghost of beauty in an empty breast.

*Frances M. Frost*

### Glory To Them

Glory to them, the toilers of the earth,  
 Who wrought with knotted hands, in wood and stone,  
 Dreams their unlettered minds could not give birth  
 And symmetries their souls had never known.  
 Glory to them, the artisans, who spread  
 Cathedrals like brown lace before the sun,  
 Who could not build a rhyme, but reared instead  
 The Doric grandeur of the Parthenon.

I never cross a marble portico,  
 Or lift my eyes where stained glass windows steal  
 From virgin sunlight moods of deeper glow,  
 Or walk dream-peopled streets, except to feel  
 A hush of reverence for that vast dead  
 Who gave us beauty for a crust of bread.

*Anderson M. Scruggs*

### Days

How can I tell which days have yielded fruit?  
The days I labored at a task not mine?  
The days I yielded to a wild pursuit?  
The days I cast my pearls before the swine?  
The days I hoarded every golden hour?  
The days I laughed? The days I bore in pain?  
The days when all my honey had turned sour?  
The days I gathered in another's gain?  
The days I studied and the days I wrought?  
The days I loafed and only trusted God?  
The days when whispered dreamings came unsought,  
And I drew wisdom as I turned the sod?  
How shall I know which ones of all the days  
Shall on the last day bring me blame or praise?  
*Eliot Kays Stone*

### The One Remains

The One remains, the many change and pass;  
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;  
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity. . . .

*John Keats*

From "Adonais"

### Knowledge

They list for me the things I can not know:  
Whence came the world? What Hand flung out the light  
Of yonder stars? How could a God of right  
Ordain for earth an ebbless tide of woe?

Their word is true; I would not scorn their doubt  
 Who press their questions of the how and why.  
 But this I know: that from the star-strewn sky  
 There comes to me a peace that puts to rout  
 All brooding thoughts of dread, abiding death;  
 And too I know, with every fragrant dawn,  
 That Life is Lord; that, with the Winter gone,  
 There cometh Spring, a great reviving Breath.  
 It is enough that life means this to me;  
 What death shall mean, some sunny Morn shall see.

*Thomas Curtis Clark*

### Quiet Things

I thank the Lord for quiet things  
 Whose names are half-asleep;  
 Names that were born of quietness  
 And laid in peace to steep;  
 Such lovely, safe, serene old words  
 As dovescotes — hills — and sheep.

For silent sober-colored things  
 I bless the Lord of dreams —  
 This Heron standing motionless,  
 More shade than bird he seems —  
 For this grey, ghostly fisherman  
 Of lonely pools and streams.

*I. W.*

### The Way of Sacrifice

He who hath watched, not shared, the strife,  
 Knows how the day hath gone.  
 He only lives with the world's life  
 Who hath renounced his own.

*Matthew Arnold*



### Three Things

Three things I beg of Life to let me keep:  
Rare strength, which through dark storm will safely last —  
Until my soul's dire need of it is past —  
Because its main pilasters reach so deep;  
Initiative, with eager, circling sweep  
Of wings. . . . High courage, of the keen enthusiast  
Who even in his dreams can hear the blast  
Of trumpet calls that urge him up the steep.  
Real strength endures . . . initiative impels,  
And flaming courage molds a dauntless heart.  
Dynamic power these give — and self-release.  
With them, the world's great inner citadels  
Are mine . . . gay plumed adventure they impart  
To Life — while traveling toward the Sunset Peace.

*Gertrude B. Gunderson*

### Whence Cometh War?

Whence cometh war?  
Bring the foul thing to bar.  
Out of the hatreds of the ages long;  
Out of the greed and blood-lust of the strong;  
Out of the strutting swagger of the proud;  
Out of the mad hysterias of the crowd;  
Out of the lying honor of the State;  
Out of the coward meanness of the great;  
Out of the toll that profit takes from toil,  
Of surplus spoil, piled up on surplus spoil,  
Choking to idleness the workman's wheel,  
Or raping all the earth with ruthless steel;  
Out of a devil's smoke-screen of defense,  
That turns to foolishness the things of sense,

Makes virtue's garden a vast swamp of vice,  
And sells the Son of Man at Judas' price,  
Nor has the grace to cast away the pelf  
But makes of God an infidel himself.

Whence cometh war? we know the truth too well —  
Out of the mouth of hell!

*Robert Whitaker*

### The Man-Hunt

The four brothers are out to kill.  
France, Russia, Britain, America —  
The four republics are sworn brothers to kill the kaiser.

Yes, this is the great man-hunt;  
And the sun has never seen till now  
Such a line of toothed and tusked man-killers,  
In the blue of the upper sky,  
In the green of the undersea,  
In the red of winter dawns.  
Eating to kill,  
Sleeping to kill,  
Asked by their mothers to kill,  
Wished by four-fifths of the world to kill —  
To cut the kaiser's throat,  
To hack the kaiser's head,  
To hang the kaiser on a high-horizon gibbet.

And is it nothing else than this?  
Three times ten million men asking the blood  
Of a half-cracked one-armed child of the German kings?  
Three times ten million men asking the blood  
Of a child with his head wrong-shaped,

The blood of rotted kings in his veins?  
If this were all, O God,  
I would go to the far timbers  
And look on the gray wolves  
Tearing the throats of moose:  
I would ask a wilder drunk of blood.

Look! It is four brothers in joined hands together.  
The people of bleeding France,  
The people of bleeding Russia,  
The people of Britain, the people of America —  
These are the four brothers, these are the four republics.  
*Carl Sandburg*

From "The Four Brothers"

### Wage-Slaves to War-Makers

We have no land for which to fight  
Except where Russia cracks the night.  
This is your land, within your power.  
We break the rock; you pluck the flower.  
We build the roads on which you speed.  
And when we strike for what we need  
We learn at once how well you own  
The press, the courts and every stone  
Of every structure that we rear.  
Say, what invaders shall we fear?  
Why should we care out on the job  
If you or others drive and rob?

We have no land for which to fight  
Though all the world is ours by right.  
We workers grimed with soot and mud  
Have shed enough and more of blood.

Each office-building overhead  
Is built on corpses of our dead.  
We have no quarrel across the foam  
But here within our jail, your home!  
We give our pledge we shall not kill,  
For ours the braver, kinder will.  
But if you force us till we do,  
It will be you, it will be you!

*Ralph Cheyney*

### Five Souls

#### FIRST SOUL

I was a peasant of the Polish plain;  
I left my plough because the message ran:  
Russia, in danger, needed every man  
To save her from the Teuton; and was slain.  
*I gave my life for freedom — This I know;  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

#### SECOND SOUL

I was a Tyrolese, a mountaineer;  
I gladly left my mountain home to fight  
Against the brutal treacherous Muscovite;  
And died in Poland on a Cossack spear.  
*I gave my life for freedom — This I know;  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

#### THIRD SOUL

I worked at Lyons, at my weavers' loom  
When suddenly the Prussian despot hurled  
His felon blow at France and at the world;  
Then went I forth to Belgium and my doom.  
*I gave my life for freedom — This I know;  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

## FOURTH SOUL

I owned a vineyard by the wooded Main,  
Until the Fatherland, begirt by foes  
Lusting her downfall, called me, and I rose,  
Swift to the call, and died in fair Lorraine.

*I gave my life for freedom — This I know;  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

## FIFTH SOUL

I worked in a great shipyard by the Clyde.  
There came a sudden word of wars declared,  
Of Belgium peaceful, helpless, unprepared,  
Asking our aid: I joined the ranks, and died.

*I gave my life for freedom — This I know;  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

*W. N. Ewer*

## War

Did the rose-bush or the oak  
Thrill at Trenton's battle-smoke?  
Did the earthworm in the mould  
Shout when Gettysburg unrolled  
Its tawny thunders over him?  
Did corn-grains buried in the dim  
Terrible creative ground  
Cease growing at the shaken sound  
Of Grant's gaunt thousands marching by?  
Well, pondering their conduct, I  
Think their aloof indifference  
Was most amazing commonsense!

*E. Merrill Root*

### Deliver Us From . . .

Is there no greater good than health and ease?  
 Is there no deadlier enemy than death?  
 Is God a dream to deal with as we please  
 And life only the drawing of our breath?  
 Duty a fever-phantom that misleads  
 The sick confusion of a wandering brain?  
 Let the King's Highroad choke with tangled weeds  
 If they but barricade our paths from pain!  
 Give us this day our daily bread — that prayer  
 We all remember! What comes next? The cry  
 "Deliver us from sorrow and from loss,  
 "Who were not made to suffer and to bear!"  
 How strangely beat those words against the sky  
 Where stands unchanging a forgotten cross!

*Amelia J. Burr*

### Let Us Have Peace

The earth is weary of our foolish wars.  
 Her hills and shores were shaped for lovely things,  
 Yet all our years are spent in bickerings  
     Beneath the astonished stars.

April by April laden with beauty comes,  
 Autumn by Autumn turns our toil to gain,  
 But hand at sword-hilt, still we start and strain  
     To catch the beat of drums.

Knowledge to knowledge adding, skill to skill,  
 We strive for others' good as for our own —  
 And then, like cavemen snarling with a bone,  
     We turn and rend and kill. . . .

With life so fair, and all too short a lease  
Upon our special star! Nay, love and trust,  
Not blood and thunder shall redeem our dust.  
Let us have peace!

*Nancy Byrd Turner*

### An Old Battle-Field

The softest whisperings of the scented South,  
And rust and roses in the cannon's mouth;

And where the thunders of the fight were born,  
The wind's sweet tenor in the standing corn;

With song of larks, low-linging in the loam,  
And blue skies bending over love and home.

But still the thought: Somewhere — upon the hills,  
Or where the vales ring with the whip-poor-wills,

Sad wistful eyes and broken hearts that beat  
For the loved sound of unreturning feet,

And, when the oaks their leafy banners wave,  
Dream of the battle and an unmarked grave!

*Frank L. Stanton*

### If War Is Right

If war is right, then God is might  
And every prayer is vain:  
Go raze your temples from the hills —  
Red death is in the plain.

If war is right, then God is might  
And every prayer is vain:  
Look not for Christ upon the hills —  
He lies among the slain.

*Alice Corbin*

### Love Comes

And who will lead the way?  
The good and wise must lead.  
He that loves most is the best and wisest, and he it is that  
leads already.  
Violence will not yield to violence. Tell the great secret to  
the people.  
Love comes! Clear the way, ye institutions, ye laws and  
customs of ages of hate!  
The glance of his eyes would wither you.  
The quiet thrill of his voice would palsy your deepest foundations.  
Ye do well to tremble at his name.  
For he is the Revolution — at last the true, long-deferred  
Revolution.  
Love is the true Revolution, for Love alone strikes at the  
very root of ill.  
Let the people love, and they will lead,  
Let the people love and theirs is the power!

*Ernest Crosby*

### Tear Down the Walls!

Tear down the walls! God made of one  
All men who live upon the earth;  
He is our Father, we his sons,  
Whatever be our human birth.



Tear down the walls that separate  
And breed estrangement, pride and hate;  
The poor, the oppressed, the rich, the great  
Are brothers in one human state.

*Edgar Cooper Mason*

### The Final Armistice

Christ of the glowing heart and golden speech,  
Drawn by the charm divine of Thy sweet soul,  
The nations tend unto that far-off goal  
Whereof the sages dream, the prophets preach.  
We shall not always fail; we yet shall reach  
Through toil and time that shining tableland  
To which Thou beckonest with wounded hand.  
Forevermore Thy goodness doth beseech  
A warring world to lay its weapons down.  
So shall we rest and songs of plenty drown  
The wail of hunger, and our bitter tears,  
Streaming unstanched through all the dreadful years,  
And freely flowing still, shall yet be dried,  
When Thou art King who once wast crucified.

*Frank B. Cowgill*

### The Torch

"To you the torch we fling";  
The challenge yet is heard,  
Bequest of fullest sacrifice,  
A life-demanding word.  
Yet this thought with it comes,  
A question tinged with doubt:  
Shall we the torch to others pass  
Whose light we've let go out?

*Arthur B. Dale*

### The War at Home

God of our fathers, with bowed heads we come  
 In this glad hour when the unscathed rejoices,  
 Strike Thou each little boaster awed and dumb  
 Before the flame of Pentecostal voices.  
 Our youth has stormed the hosts of hell and won;  
 Yet we who pay the price of their oblation  
 Know that the greater war is just begun  
 Which makes humanity the nations' Nation.  
*Willard Wattles*

### O Heart

O Heart, that beats with every human heart,  
 O Heart, that weeps with every human tear,  
 O Heart, that sings with every human song,  
 Fill our slow hearts with flood-tides of Thy love;  
 That they may beat with every human heart,  
 That they may weep with every human tear,  
 That they may sing with every human song,  
 And thus, through Thee, unite with all mankind.  
*Maurice Rowntree*

### The White Peace

It lies not on the sunlit hill  
 Nor on the sunlit plain:  
 Nor ever on any running stream  
 Nor on the unclouded main —  
  
 But sometimes, through the Soul of Man,  
 Slow moving o'er his pain,  
 The moonlight of a perfect peace  
 Floods heart and brain.  
*Fiona Macleod*

*From The Humanitarian*

Seeing how the world suffered and bled,  
He said:  
" My life shall bring  
Help to that suffering."  
Seeing how the earth had need  
Of sheer joy and beauty  
Above all bitter creed  
Of cruel penitence and duty,  
And how mankind  
Thirsted and cried for joy it could not find,  
His heart made quick reply,  
" Men shall know happiness before I die! "

He who brings beauty to the lives of men  
Needeth no tribute of recording pen.  
His deeds are graven in a place apart,  
On the enduring tablet of the human heart.

*Angela Morgan*

*The Feast*

Those who are not mine  
I will dine and flatter,  
Entertain and strive to please,  
For they do not matter.

But for friendship's feast  
Compliments demean us;  
Rock for seat and sky for roof  
And the truth between us.

*Nora B. Cunningham*

# The Greatest Battle That Ever Was Fought

The greatest battle that ever was fought —  
 Shall I tell you where and when?  
 On the maps of the world you will find it not:  
 It was fought by the Mothers of Men.

Not with cannon or battle shot,  
 With sword or nobler pen;  
 Not with eloquent word or thought  
 From the wonderful minds of men;

But deep in a walled up woman's heart;  
 A woman that would not yield;  
 But bravely and patiently bore her part;  
 Lo! there is that battlefield.

No marshalling troops, no bivouac song,  
 No banner to gleam and wave;  
 But Oh these battles they last so long —  
 From babyhood to the grave!

But faithful still as a bridge of stars  
 She fights in her walled up town;  
 Fights on, and on, in the endless wars;  
 Then silent, unseen goes down!

Ho! ye with banners and battle shot,  
 With soldiers to shout and praise,  
 I tell you the kingliest victories fought  
 Are fought in these silent ways.

*Joaquin Miller*

### Thank God for Fools!

Thank God for fools! — for men who dare to dream  
Beyond the lean horizon of their days;  
Men not too timid to pursue the gleam  
To unguessed lands of wonder and amaze.

Thank God for fools! The trails that ring the world  
Are dark with blood and sweat where they have passed.  
There are the flags of every crag unfurled;  
Theirs — ashes and oblivion at last.

Thank God for fools! — abused, of low estate.  
We rear our temples on the stones they laid;  
Ours is the prize their tired souls might not wait;  
Theirs — the requiem of the unafraid.

*Author Unknown*

### Via Lucis

And have the bright immensities  
Received our risen Lord  
Where light-years frame the Pleiades  
And point Orion's sword?

Do flaming suns His footsteps trace  
Through corridors sublime,  
The Lord of interstellar space  
And Conqueror of time?

The heaven that hides Him from our sight  
Knows neither near nor far:  
An altar candle sheds its light  
As surely as a star;

And where His loving people meet  
 To share the gift divine,  
 There stands He with unhurrying feet,  
 There heavenly splendors shine.

*Howard Chandler Robbins*

### My Little House

My house is little, but warm enough  
 When the skies of Sorrow are snowing;  
 It holds me safe from the tempest rough,  
 When the winds of Despair are blowing.

Its rafters come from the woods of Praise,  
 Its walls from the quarry of Prayer,  
 And not one echo, on stormy days,  
 Can trouble the stillness there.

The floor is bare, but the joists are strong  
 With Faith from the heavenly hill;  
 My lamp is Love, and the whole year long  
 It burns unquenchable still.

With sweet Content is my hearth well lit,  
 And there, in the darkest weather,  
 Hope and I by the fire can sit,  
 And sing, and keep house together.

*May Byron*

### *From* The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,  
 A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou  
 Beside me singing in the Wilderness —  
 Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Ah, my Belovèd, fill the Cup that clears  
To-DAY of Past Regrets and Future Fears:  
    *To-morrow!* — Why, *To-morrow* I may be  
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing  
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing;  
    And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,  
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

When You and I behind the Veil are past,  
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,  
    Which of our Coming and Departure heeds  
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,  
Before we too into the Dust descend;  
    Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie  
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and — sans End!

Alike for those who for TO-DAY prepare,  
And those that after some TO-MORROW stare,  
    A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness cries,  
“Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There.”

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd  
Of the Two Worlds so wisely — they are thrust  
    Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn  
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!  
One thing at least is certain — *This* Life flies;  
    One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;  
The Flower that once has blown forever dies.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who  
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through,  
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,  
Which to discover we must travel too.

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd  
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,  
Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep,  
They told their comrades, and to Sleep return'd.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,  
Some letter of that After-life to spell:  
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,  
And answer'd "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell":

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,  
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,  
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,  
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

We are no other than a moving row  
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go  
Round with the Sun-illumined Lantern held  
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays  
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;  
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,  
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,  
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;  
And He that toss'd you down into the Field,  
*He* knows about it all — *HE* knows — *HE* knows!



The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,  
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit

Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,  
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,  
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,  
Lift not your hands to *It* for help — for *It*  
As impotently moves as you or I.

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead,  
And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:

And the first Morning of Creation wrote  
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

Yesterday *This* Day's Madness did prepare;  
To-morrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:

Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:  
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!  
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!

The Nightingale that in the branches sang,  
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

Would but some wingèd Angel ere too late  
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,

And make the stern Recorder otherwise  
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire  
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,

Would not we shatter it to bits — and then  
Re-mold it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

*Translation by Edward Fitzgerald*

### The Lost Key

The key of yesterday  
 I threw away;  
 And now, too late,  
 Before tomorrow's fast-closed gate  
 Helpless I stand — in vain to pray!  
 In vain to sorrow!  
 Only the key of yesterday  
 Unlocks tomorrow.

*Priscilla Leonard*

### The Knapsack Trail

I like the wide and common road  
 Where all may walk at will,  
 The worn and rutted country road  
 That runs from hill to hill;  
 I like the road through pastures green  
 Worn by home-coming feet  
 Of lowing kine and barefoot boy  
 Where twilight shadows meet.

But I like best the Knapsack Trail  
 Wherein my heart and I  
 May walk and talk in quietness  
 With angels passing by.  
 The lonely Trail through forests dim  
 That leads to God-knows-where,  
 That winds from tree to spotted tree  
 'Till sudden — we are there!

*Edwin Osgood Grover*

### God-Appointed Work

I am glad to think  
I am not bound to make the world go right,  
But only to discover and to do  
With cheerful heart the work that God appoints.

*Jean Ingelow*

### Thanks

Thank you very much indeed,  
River, for your waving reed;  
Hollyhocks, for budding knobs;  
Foxgloves, for your velvet fobs;  
Pansies, for your silky cheeks;  
Chaffinches, for singing beaks;  
Spring, for wood anemones  
Near the mossy toes of trees;  
Summer, for the fruited pear,  
Yellowing crab, and cherry fare;  
Autumn, for the bearded load,  
Hazelnuts along the road;  
Winter, for the fairy-tale,  
Spitting log and bouncing hail.

But, blest Father, high above,  
All these joys are from Thy love;  
And Your children everywhere,  
Born in palace, lane, or square,  
Cry with voices all agreed,  
"Thank You very much indeed."

*Norman Gale*

### The Pure Heart

My good blade carves the casques of men,  
My tough lance thrusteth sure,  
My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure.

*Alfred Tennyson*

From "Sir Galahad"

### Forever

Those we love truly never die  
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,  
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,  
Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,  
And life all pure is love; and love can reach  
From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach  
Than those by mortals read.

Well blest is he who has a dear one dead;  
A friend he has whose face will never change —  
A dear communion that will not grow strange;  
The anchor of a love is death.

*John Boyle O'Reilly*

### The Street

They pass me by like shadows, crowds on crowds,  
Dim ghosts of men, that hover to and fro,  
Hugging their bodies around them, like thin shrouds  
Wherein their souls were buried long ago:

They trampled on their youth, and faith, and love,  
They cast their hope to human-kind away,  
With Heaven's clear messages they madly strove,  
And conquered — and their spirits turned to clay:

Lo! how they wander round the world, their grave,  
Whose ever-gaping maw by such is fed,  
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,  
"We, only, truly live, but ye are dead."  
Alas! poor fools, the anointed eye may trace  
A dead soul's epitaph in every face!

*James Russell Lowell*

### Orisons

He placed a prayer wheel where the wild winds dance,  
And some complained his piety was lazy;  
But then his thoughts on prayer were rather hazy.  
Yet God attended to his suppliance.

He knelt on scarlet plush before his lord,  
And mumbled words of ancient litanies  
But felt uncomfortable on his knees;  
And God, lost in the gloomy nave, was bored.

Silent, she raised her eyes that burned and glistened  
Like fresh lit tapers in a shadowy crypt;  
No raptured praise, no murmuring, tight lipped,  
But God stopped stars in flight an hour, and listened.

*E. McNeill Poteat, Jr.*

### The Silent Places

I have come back from the mountains,  
And the beauty of forest ways,  
From the pine-trail winding at sunset  
To the crags in the purple haze.

I have come back from the prairies,  
And the free-born winds of the west,  
Where my soul reached out to heaven,  
And found in the starlight rest.

I have come back to the city,  
With its clang and its screech and its din;  
Its halls are filled with madness,  
And its eyes are blind with sin.

I think of the peaks white-crested,  
And the sage on the sweeping plain,  
And the vastness, and the silence,  
And the whisper of God again.

I will go back to my mountains,  
Back to the prairies I've trod;  
Some day I shall stand in that silence  
And speak once more with my God.

*Harold M. Hildreth*

### Heroism

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man,  
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,  
The youth replies, *I can*.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

### Sonnet

I am in love with high far-seeing places  
That look on plains half-sunlight and half-storm,  
In love with hours when from the circling faces  
Veils pass, and laughing fellowship glows warm.

You who look on me with grave eyes where rapture  
And April love of living burn confessed —  
The Gods are good! the world lies free to capture!  
Life has no walls. Oh, take me to your breast!  
Take me — be with me for a moment's span!  
I am in love with all unveiled faces.  
I seek the wonder at the heart of man;  
I would go up to the far-seeing places.  
While youth is ours, turn toward me for a space  
The marvel of your rapture-lighted face!

*Arthur Davison Ficke*

### The Vision

You are the vision, you are the image of the dream,  
The voice among the stars, the silence in the stream;  
A breath of the infinite poise, where space and time are spun,  
And the circling orbits wheel their planets round the sun.  
Beyond the outer margin where nothing calls to God  
Leaps the fiery symbol to bloom where your feet have trod;  
Here is the earth resurgent with color and bloom of Spring,  
Glorying the dream and the vision in the song you bring.

*William Stanley Braithwaite*

### I, Too, Have Known

I, too, have known Gethsemane  
In lonely tryst,  
I have broken bread with Peter . . .  
By Judas kissed.

And grim frustration I have known  
Of cherished plans,  
Met Thomas-doubts instead of trust  
In many lands.

I, too, have known the rabble throng,  
 Their taunts and jeers,  
 I, too, have borne the heavy cross  
 'Mid scornful sneers.

But oh, I've reached the heights sublime  
 At dawn of day,  
 Known glorious triumph when the stone  
 Was rolled away.

*Marguerite George*

### The Human Touch

High thoughts and noble in all lands  
 Help me; my soul is fed by such.  
 But ah, the touch of lips and hands —  
 The human touch!  
 Warm, vital, close, life's symbols dear —  
 These need I most, and now, and here.

*Richard Burton*

### Today

Today, new-born from all my yesterdays,  
 Lies in my cupped hand, a fragile, prophetic thing  
 Just broken from its chrysalis with wings aflutter.  
 What far flight shall it make with buoyant pinions?  
 What fateful tomorrows shall it breed  
 Before it folds its worn wings  
 In the last twitchings of its dreamless sleep?  
 I hold today in my hand and watch its unfolding.  
 Then in faith I release it and wait the will of God.

*Ozora S. Davis*



## Sonnet

A wretched thing it were, to have our heart  
Like a thronged highway or a populous street,  
Where every idle thought has leave to meet,  
Pause, or pass on as in an open mart;  
Or like some road-side pool, which no nice art  
Has guarded that the cattle may not beat  
And foul it with a multitude of feet,  
Till of the heavens it can give back no part.  
But keep thou thine a holy solitude,  
For He who would walk there, would walk alone;  
He who would drink there, must be first endued  
With single right to call that stream his own;  
Keep thou thine heart, close fastened, unrevealed,  
A fenced garden, and a fountain sealed.

*Richard Chenevix Trench*

## God

As the bee through the garden ranges,  
From world to world the godhead changes;  
As the sheep go feeding in the waste,  
From form to form He maketh haste;  
This vault which glows immense with light  
Is the inn where He lodges for a night.  
What reck's such Traveller if the bowers  
Which bloom and fade like meadow flowers  
A bunch of fragrant lilies be,  
Or the stars of eternity?  
Alike to Him the better, the worse —  
The glowing angel, the outcast corse.  
Thou metest Him by centuries,  
And lo! He passes like the breeze;

Thou seek'st in glade and galaxy,  
 He hides in pure transparency;  
 Thou askest in fountains and in fires,  
 He is the essence that inquires.  
 He is the axis of the star;  
 He is the sparkle of the spar;  
 He is the heart of every creature;  
 He is the meaning of each feature;  
 And His mind is the sky,  
 Than all it holds more deep, more high.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

From "Woodnotes"

### O That 'Twere Possible

O that 'twere possible  
 After long grief and pain  
 To find the arms of my true love  
 Round me once again. . . .

Ah Christ, that it were possible  
 For one short hour to see  
 The souls we loved, that they might tell us  
 What and where they be.

*Alfred Tennyson*

From "Maud"

### From The Builders

There is an architecture grander far  
 Than all the fortresses of war,  
 More inextinguishably bright  
 Than learning's lonely towers of light.  
 Framing its walls of faith and hope and love  
 In deathless souls of men, it lifts above

The frailty of our earthly home  
An everlasting dome;  
The sanctuary of the human host,  
The living temple of the Holy Ghost.

*Henry van Dyke*

### A Mother Understands

Dear Lord, I hold my hand to take  
Thy body broken once for me,  
Accept the sacrifice I make,  
My body, broken, Christ, for Thee.

His was my body, born of me,  
Born of my bitter travail pain,  
And it lies broken on the field,  
Swept by the wind and the rain.

Surely a Mother understands Thy thorn-crowned head,  
The mystery of Thy pierced hands — the Broken Bread.

*G. A. Studdert-Kennedy*

### *From* The Eternal Goodness

I bow my forehead to the dust,  
I veil mine eyes for shame,  
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,  
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,  
I feel the guilt within;  
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,  
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,  
And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;  
I know that God is good!

*John Greenleaf Whittier*

### The Rivals

Freedom and Faith went wooing for a soul;  
And Freedom said: "I love the open ways,  
Who weds with me shall come and go at will."

"Who weds with me," said Faith, "shall wear a yoke;  
Linked in his consciousness to Cosmic Law,  
Moving between high confidence and awe,  
Knowing himself one with all human folk,  
With all that is, yet shall this thought evoke  
Temple and citadel from dust and straw;  
He shall be builder, and shall find no flaw  
In dreaming dreams, yet measuring his stroke."

And the soul answered Freedom, "Freer still  
Than he who has no path, is he who stays  
Upon the track that runs from goal to goal."

*Robert Whitaker*

### Beyond This, the Infinite

The space  
Which yields thee knowledge — do its bounds embrace  
Well-willing and wise-working, each at height?  
Enough: beyond this lies the infinite!

*Robert Browning*

From "Francis Turini"

### Thou Must Be True

Thou must be true thyself,  
If thou the truth wouldst teach!  
Thy soul must overflow, if thou  
Another's soul wouldst reach;  
It needs the overflow of heart  
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts  
Shall the world's famine feed;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed.

*Horatio Bonar*

### Woman and Man

The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink  
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free:  
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,  
How shall men grow? but work no more alone!  
The man be more of woman, she of man;  
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,  
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;  
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,  
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;  
Till at the last she set herself to man,  
Like perfect music unto noble words;  
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,  
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,  
Dispensing harvests, sowing the To-be,

Self-reverent each and reverencing each,  
 Distinct in individualities,  
 But like each other, ev'n as those who love.  
 Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;  
 Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:  
 Then springs the crowning race of human-kind.  
 May these things be!

*Alfred Tennyson*

From "The Princess"

### Coral Islands

Although with lives, submerged and brief,  
 Insects will mount above,  
 Until they make a coral reef  
 They are not dreaming of.

So from dark waters of our doubt,  
 More than we ever meant,  
 On our dead selves, we may lift out  
 A fertile continent.

*Louis Ginsberg*

### The Prayer Perfect

Dear Lord! kind Lord!  
 Gracious Lord! I pray  
 Thou wilt look on all I love  
 Tenderly today!  
 Weed their hearts of weariness;  
 Scatter every care  
 Down a wake of angel-wings  
 Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing  
All release from pain;  
Let the lips of laughter  
Overflow again;  
And with all the needy  
O divine, I pray,  
This vast treasure of *content*  
That is mine today!

*James Whitcomb Riley*

### True Love

True love is but a humble low-born thing,  
And hath its food served up in earthen ware;  
It is a thing to walk with, hand in hand,  
Through the every-dayness of this work-day world.

*James Russell Lowell*

From "Love "

### At the Lincoln Memorial

I think he would have hated this white shrine,  
This pomp of marble gleaming in the sun,  
He whom a cabin sheltered from the cold,  
Who knew a cabin's rest when day was done.  
And men who dwelt in cabins were his friends,  
In cabins and in little prairie towns,  
He was of them and they of him, and each  
So trusted other that when peril came  
And threatened all their fathers' toil had wrought  
They gave to him the guiding of the State.  
And though he walked with princes still he knew  
He held his place securely in their hearts.  
What can the marble's splendor mean to him?

Strange how we litter all the earth with shrines,  
 Dark shadowed chapels where no sunlight falls,  
 For those who knew the sun, the touch of rain,  
 The hope of sowing and the joy of reaping,  
 And all the round of simple things in life —  
 The saints and seers and prophets of the race,  
 Who called to farther goals and led the way.  
 We carve from dull dead stone their travesties,  
 We cover them with incense and great praise —  
 In any way to keep them from our hearts;  
 In any way to keep from following after  
 On that stern path that leads at last to peace!  
 I think he would have hated this white shrine!

*William E. Brooks*

### When One Knows Thee

Thou hast made me known to friends whom I knew not.  
 Thou hast given me seats in homes not my own. Thou  
 hast brought the distant near and made a brother of the  
 stranger.

I am uneasy at heart when I have to leave my accustomed  
 shelter; I forget that there abides the old in the new, and  
 that there also Thou abidest.

Through birth and death, in this world or in others, wherever  
 Thou leadest me it is Thou, the same, the one companion  
 of my endless life who ever linkest my heart with bonds  
 of joy to the unfamiliar.

When one knows Thee, then alien there is none, then no door  
 is shut. Oh, grant me my prayer that I may never lose  
 the bliss of the touch of the one in the play of the many.

*Rabindranath Tagore*

From "Gitanjali," by Rabindranath Tagore. Used by permission  
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## Before

Before I brand a brother  
With envy or with shame,  
I'll whisper to my heart, "He comes  
The road I came."

If any sue for pity —  
Though friend he be or foe —  
I'll whisper to my soul, "He goes  
The road I go."

*Mary Sinton Leitch*

## Our Dead

Let us not think of our departed dead  
As caught and cumbered in these graves of earth;  
But think of death as of another birth,  
As a new freedom for the wings outspread,  
A new adventure waiting on ahead,  
As a new joy of more ethereal mirth,  
As a new world with friends of nobler worth,  
Where all may taste a more immortal bread.

*Edwin Markham*

*Sic Vita*

Heart free, hand free,  
Blue above, brown under,  
All the world to me  
Is a place of wonder.  
Sun shine, moon shine,  
Stars, and winds a-blowing,  
All into this heart of mine  
Flowing, flowing, flowing!

Mind free, step free,  
Days to follow after,  
Joys of life sold to me  
For the price of laughter.  
Girl's love, man's love  
Love of work and duty,  
Just a will of God's to prove  
Beauty, beauty, beauty!

*William Stanley Braithwaite*

### In the Vastness, a God

Deathless, though godheads be dying,  
Surviving the creeds that expire,  
Illogical, reason defying,  
Lives that passionate, primal desire;  
Insistent, persistent, forever  
Man cries to the silence, "Never  
Shall Death reign the lord of the soul,  
Shall the dust be the ultimate goal —  
I will storm the black bastions of Night,  
I will tread where my vision has trod,  
I will set in the darkness a light,  
In the vastness, a god."

*Author Unknown*

### Autumn Leaves

About the chilly, ragged lawns they lie  
In small decaying heaps. And pausing here,  
I can but mark them sadly, crushed, forlorn,  
Mute emblems of the slowly dying year.

Can they be those I saw so lately swing  
Green-robed and merry on the maple trees,  
And later, clad in flaming, golden gowns,  
Joy-riding on the sweet October breeze?  
Ride high and free, such little time ago  
And now they lie so low! they lie so low!

And yet why pity them? Full well they lived  
Their God-appointed plan, died joyously,  
And left a golden memory! Pray who  
Could ask a fairer fate for them, or me?

*Minnie Case Hopkins*

### Not As I Will

Blindfolded and alone I stand,  
With unknown thresholds on each hand;  
The darkness deepens as I grope,  
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;  
Yet this one thing I learn to know  
Each day more surely as I go,  
That doors are opened, ways are made,  
Burdens are lifted or are laid  
By some great law, unseen and still,  
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,  
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;  
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;  
Too heavy burdens in the load  
And too few helpers on the road,  
And joy is weak and grief is strong,  
And years and days so long, so long;  
Yet this one thing I learn to know  
Each day more surely as I go,

That I am glad the good and ill  
By changeless law are ordered still,  
    " Not as I will."

" Not as I will "; the sound grows sweet  
Each time my lips the words repeat,  
" Not as I will "; the darkness feels  
More safe than light when this thought steals  
Like whispered voice to calm and bless  
All unrest and all loneliness.  
" Not as I will," because the One  
Who loves us first and best has gone  
Before us on the road, and still  
For us must all His love fulfil,  
    " Not as we will."

*Helen Hunt Jackson*

### What Our Lord Wrote in the Dust

We have saved the soul of the man who killed,  
    We have turned to shrive the thief;  
We restored the pride of the man who lied  
    And we gave him our belief;  
But for her who fell we have fashioned hell  
    With a faith all stern and just —  
It was so of old; and no man hath told  
    What our Lord wrote in the dust.

We have sighed betimes for our brothers' crimes  
    And have bade them be of cheer,  
For the flesh is weak, and the soul grown meek  
    May yet read its title clear.  
But we draw away from the one astray  
    As the truly righteous must,  
She is cursed indeed — and we did not read  
    What our Lord wrote in the dust.

For the men who thieved, and who killed and lied —  
Who have slain the woman's soul —  
We have worked and prayed, and have seen them made  
All clean and pure and whole,  
But we drive her out with a righteous shout  
In our Pharisaic trust,  
So the man goes free — but we do not see  
What our Lord wrote in the dust.

*Author Unknown*

### When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,  
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,  
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide,  
and measure them,  
When I, sitting, heard the astronomer where he lectured with  
much applause in the lecture-room,  
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,  
Till rising and gliding out I wandered off by myself,  
In the mystical moist night-air, and, from time to time,  
Looked up in perfect silence at the stars.

*Walt Whitman*

### Rest Where You Are

When spurred by tasks unceasing or undone  
You would seek rest afar  
And cannot, though the rest be fairly won,  
Rest where you are.  
Not in event, restriction, or release,  
In journeys near or far,  
But in the heart lies restlessness or peace,  
Rest where you are.

*Charles Poole Cleaves*

## Gilead

The heart is cold that has not chilled  
With fear that love could pass away.  
The soul is dry that does not thirst  
For clear refreshment day by day.  
And eyes are dim that in the light,  
Have never seen the need to pray.

*Mary Brennan Clapp*

## And the Greatness of These —

I have seen an old faith falter,  
Spent upon some ancient altar,  
Where fires have turned to ashes gray  
For one who lost the narrow way;  
But in spite of wind and rain  
I have seen old love remain.

I have seen a great house fall,  
Taking with it wealth and all —  
Bringing low the proud of name,  
Blotting beauty, slaying fame;  
But I have seen them rise again  
By love that never can be slain.

Yes, I have seen old love survive,  
Taking the dead to make alive,  
Opening the eyes of one so blind  
That even darkness held the mind; —  
I have seen love writhe in pain  
Rise up and smile and love again.

*J. R. Perkins*

### Ye Who Taste That Love Is Sweet

Oh, ye who taste that love is sweet,  
Set waymarks for all doubtful feet  
That stumble on in search of it.  
Lead life of love, that others who  
Behold your life may kindle too  
With love and cast their lot with you.

*W. M. Rossetti*

### Kingdoms

Where is my kingdom? I would be a king.  
Yet kingdoms are not made by conquering,  
Nor kings and queens by questioning and wondering.

Kingdoms are bought by yearning, and by burning  
Of body and bruising of breast.  
This is the test, and this only,  
For kings and queens to be only:  
Have you the substance? Are you free?  
How much can you suffer? How far can you see?

*Charles Oluf Olsen*

### From A Death In The Desert

For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,  
And hope and fear — believe the aged friend —  
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,  
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is;  
And that we hold thenceforth to the uttermost  
Such prize despite the envy of the world,  
And, having gained truth, keep truth: that is all.

*Robert Browning*

## Apprehension

I do not fear  
To walk the lonely road  
Which leads far out into  
The sullen night. Nor do  
I fear the rebel, wind-tossed  
Sea that stretches onward, far,  
Beyond the might of human hands  
Or human loves. It is the  
Brooding, sharp-thorned discontent  
I fear, the nagging days without  
A sound of song; the sunlit  
Noon of ease; the burden of  
Delight and — flattery. It is  
The hate-touched soul I dread,  
The joyless heart; the unhappy  
Faces in the streets; the  
Smouldering fires of unforgiven  
Slights. These do I fear. Not  
Night, nor surging seas, nor  
Rebel winds. But hearts unlovely,  
And unloved.

*James A. Fraser*

## The Bridge Builder

An old man going a lone highway  
Came in the evening cold and gray  
To a chasm vast and deep and wide.  
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,  
The sullen stream had no fears for him,  
But he stopped when safe on the other side  
And built a bridge to span the tide.



"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,  
"You are wasting your strength with building here;  
Your journey will end with the ending day,  
You never again will pass this way,  
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,  
Why build you this bridge at evening tide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head,  
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,  
"There followeth after me today  
A youth whose feet must pass this way.  
This chasm which has been as naught to me  
To that fair-haired youth might a pitfall be,  
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim,  
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."  
*Will Allen Dromgoole*

### Age Is Opportunity

For age is opportunity no less  
Than youth itself, though in another dress;  
And as the evening twilight fades away,  
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.  
*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*  
From "Morituri Salutamus"

### Truth Never Dies

Truth never dies. The ages come and go.  
The mountains wear away, the stars retire.  
Destruction lays earth's mighty cities low;  
And empires, states and dynasties expire;  
But caught and handed onward by the wise,  
Truth never dies.

Though unreceived and scoffed at through the years;  
Though made the butt of ridicule and jest;  
Though held aloft for mockery and jeers,  
Denied by those of transient power possessed,  
Insulted by the insolence of lies,  
Truth never dies.

It answers not. It does not take offense,  
But with a mighty silence bides its time;  
As some great cliff that braves the elements  
And lifts through all the storms its head sublime,  
It ever stands, uplifted by the wise;  
And never dies.

As rests the Sphinx amid Egyptian sands;  
As looms on high the snowy peak and crest;  
As firm and patient as Gibraltar stands,  
So truth, unwearied, waits the era blest  
When men shall turn to it with great surprise.  
Truth never dies.

*Author Unknown*

### Whence Cometh My Help

Here, on these hills, no sense of loneliness  
Touches my soul. When the long days are fine,  
And I can see, for miles on miles, the line  
Of far-off mountains where their summits press  
Against the arching azure of the skies,  
Or when rain blots all objects out from me  
But the dim outline of the nearest tree,  
And little sounds so strangely magnifies,  
I am content. Peace on my soul descends.  
No unfilled longings rise in me to choke

My will. I smell the fragrance of damp sod  
Whose pungency with forest odors blends,  
And from my shoulders, like an outworn cloak,  
My troubles fall, so close to me seems God.

*P. L. Montgomery*

### Look Up

Look up and not down.  
Look forward and not back.  
Look out and not in.  
Lend a hand.

*Edward Everett Hale*

### The Hills of Rest

Beyond the last horizon's rim,  
Beyond adventure's farthest quest,  
Somewhere they rise, serene and dim,  
The happy, happy, Hills of Rest.

Upon their sunlit slopes uplift  
The castles we have built in Spain —  
While fair amid the summer drift  
Our faded gardens flower again.

Sweet hours we did not live go by  
To soothing note, on scented wing;  
In golden-lettered volumes lie  
The songs we tried in vain to sing.

They all are there; the days of dream  
That build the inner lives of men;  
The silent, sacred years we deem  
The might be and the might have been.

Some evening when the sky is gold  
I'll follow day into the west;  
Nor pause, nor heed, till I behold  
The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

*Albert Bigelow Paine*

### For Martha's Kitchen

Shine in, O sun, on this dull place!  
Teach me your ways, lend me your grace,  
Lest I grow trivial, being bound  
To move within a daily round.

O wind, come in and blow away  
The dust and cobwebs from this day,  
Lest I grow peevish, skirmishing  
With each small unimportant thing!

*Fay Inchfawn*

### The Child's Appeal

I am the Child.  
All the world waits for my coming.  
All the earth watches with interest to see what I shall be-  
come.  
Civilization hangs in the balance,  
For what I am, the world of tomorrow will be.

I am the Child.  
I have come into your world, about which I know nothing.  
Why I came I know not;  
How I came I know not.  
I am curious; I am interested.

I am the Child.  
You hold in your hand my destiny.  
You determine, largely, whether I shall succeed or fail.  
Give me, I pray you, those things that make for happiness.  
Train me, I beg you, that I may be a blessing to the world.  
*Mamie Gene Cole*

### A Miracle

A Miracle? Is it more strange than nature's common way?  
From out the common clay  
A shaft of green is lifted toward the sun,  
And from its heart is spun  
Fair fabrics ere its day is done —  
Whorled leaves, an airy stem,  
A crimson, fragile diadem,  
And who can tell  
Whence came the power thus to compel  
A little seed beneath the sod  
To fashion such a wondrous rod?  
A miracle? — A thought of God  
Which science scorns —  
Is it more strange than flowers and thorns  
That spring these mystic forms to birth  
From out the trodden paths of Earth?

*George Klinge*

### Persuasion

Man's life is like a Sparrow, mighty King!  
That — while at banquet with your Chiefs you sit  
Housed near a blazing fire — is seen to flit  
Safe from the wintry tempest. Fluttering,  
Here did it enter: there, on hasty wing,

Flies out, and passes on from cold to cold;  
 But whence it came we know not, nor behold  
 Whither it goes. Even such, that transient Thing,  
 The human Soul; not utterly unknown  
 While in the Body lodged, her warm abode;  
 But from what world She came, what woe or weal  
 On her departure waits, no tongue hath shown;  
 This mystery if the Stranger can reveal,  
 His be a welcome cordially bestowed!

*William Wordsworth*

### The Patient Scientists

How they have learned the secrets of the ether!  
 Ships in the clouds, afloat as on a sea;  
 Voices through miles of distance singing, captured,  
 Brought to our homes to gladden you and me.

How selflessly they seek profounder meanings  
 Hid in the clump of moss — the iron ore!  
 How they have found in energy the secrets  
 God smiled to know a billion years before.

Counting their lives not dear, so they discover  
 Some bit of truth through eons all unguessed,  
 Something to make the lives to come the richer,  
 Ere they themselves shall shut their eyes and rest.

Ah, still the Lord God walks with noiseless footfall,  
 Visits the workshops of these patient men —  
 Smiles on the test tubes, the revealing lenses,  
 And "It is good," he murmurs once again.

*Bertha Gerneaux Woods*

## Villanelle

Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews,  
Were you spitted in vain on the tree of scorn?  
The Pharisees still clamor in the pews.

Your flesh remembers every Roman bruise;  
Your brow enshrines the scar of Judah's thorn,  
Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

Hearken, O Savior, I have brought you news,  
Arise in holy anger Easter morn,  
The Pharisees still clamor in the pews,

And strut beneath their iridescent hues  
While Satan wears the robe which should adorn  
Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

With solemn guile, the devil spins a ruse  
For vain and rich. Let Gabriel sound his horn,  
The Pharisees still clamor in the pews,

The Publican afar off wipes his shoes  
Upon the doormat, puzzled and forlorn;  
Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews,  
The Pharisees still clamor in the pews.

*A. M. Sullivan*

## Tree-Building

A tree is built of many things —  
Of soil stuff, slanting rain and hail;  
Of silent snow, and skies of blue  
Or lowering, of frost and gale.

Into its sinewed might are forged  
 No less the robin's song, the grays  
 Of morning mist, the sunset gold,  
 And rhythms of the marching days.

And by the Master built into  
 Cottage or templed shrine, it sings,  
 For him who hears, in soundless strains  
 The music of intangible things.

*Franklin Cable*

### Eternity In An Hour

To see the World in a grain of sand,  
 And a Heaven in a wild flower,  
 Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,  
 And Eternity in an hour . . .

*William Blake*

From "Auguries of Innocence"

### Too Late

Late, late, so late; and dark the night and chill!  
 Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.  
 Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now.

No light had we: for that we do repent;  
 And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.  
 Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light: so late! and dark and chill the night!  
 O let us in, that we may find the light!  
 Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.



Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?

O let us in, though late, to kiss his feet!

No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now.

From "Idylls of the King" *Alfred Tennyson*

### Yesterday

I am yesterday.

I am gone from you for ever.

I am the last of a long procession of days, streaming behind  
you, away from you, pouring into mist and obscurity,  
and at last into the ocean of oblivion.

I depart from you, yet I am ever with you.

Once I was called Tomorrow, and was virgin pure; then I  
became your bride and was named Today; now I am  
Yesterday, and carry upon me the eternal stain of your  
embrace.

I am one of the leaves of a growing book. There are many  
pages before me.

Some day you will turn us all over, and read us, and know  
what you are.

I am rich, for I have wisdom.

I bore you a child, and left him with you. His name is Ex-  
perience.

I am Yesterday; yet I am the same as Today and Forever;  
for I am you; and you cannot escape from yourself.

*Frank Crane*

### Two Trails

There is room in the halls of pleasure

For a long and lordly train,

But one by one we must all file on

Through the narrow aisles of pain.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

## True Rest

Rest is not quitting  
The busy career;  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion  
Clear without strife,  
Fleeting to ocean,  
After this life.

'Tis loving and serving,  
The highest and best;  
'Tis onward, unswerving,  
And this is true rest.

*J. W. von Goethe*

## Greatly Begin!

Greatly begin! though thou have time  
But for a line, be that sublime —  
Not failure, but low aim is crime.

*James Russell Lowell*

From "For an Autograph"

## Building a Temple

A builder builded a temple,  
He wrought it with grace and skill;  
Pillars and groins and arches  
All fashioned to work his will.

Men said, as they saw its beauty,  
    " It shall never know decay.  
Great is thy skill, O builder:  
    Thy fame shall endure for aye."

A teacher builded a temple  
    With loving and infinite care,  
Planning each arch with patience,  
    Laying each stone with prayer.  
None praised her unceasing efforts,  
    None knew of her wondrous plan;  
For the temple the teacher builded  
    Was unseen by the eyes of man.

Gone is the builder's temple,  
    Crumbled into the dust;  
Low lies each stately pillar,  
    Food for consuming rust.  
But the temple the teacher builded  
    Will last while the ages roll,  
For that beautiful unseen temple  
    Is a child's immortal soul.

*Author Unknown*

### Today

So here hath been dawning  
    Another blue day:  
Think, wilt thou let it  
    Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity  
    This new day was born;  
Into Eternity,  
    At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime  
No eye ever did;  
So soon it forever  
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning  
Another blue day:  
Think, wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away?

*Thomas Carlyle*

### The Hero

We do not know — we can but deem,  
And he is loyalest and best  
Who takes the light full on his breast  
And follows it throughout the dream.

*Ambrose Bierce*

### The Hungry

Whom does He love the most —  
The poor, the sick, the blind,  
The rich, the maimed, the host  
Unknowingly unkind?

The ones who strive, and fail;  
The ones who have, and lose;  
The ones who will not quail  
Nor martyrdom refuse?

The wind went sobbing low  
To His great Heart and cried;  
“Dear God, they need you so, —  
Who die unsatisfied.”

*Caroline Giltinan*

### The Ways of The Gods

In ancient times the hungry gods,  
Imaged in wood or stone,  
Enjoyed a living sacrifice  
Of human flesh or bone.

Today the gods, more subtle, lurk  
Where wheels and motors roar,  
Though still the living sacrifice  
Is offered as before.

*Stanton A. Coblenz*

### Ah, Love, Let Us Be True

Ah, love, let us be true  
To one another! for the world, which seems  
To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
So various, so beautiful, so new,  
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;  
And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,  
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

*Matthew Arnold*

From "Dover Beach"

### A Question

Now who will rise  
To purge our eyes,  
Kindle the Spirit's breath;  
And think well borne  
Neglect or scorn

To give our sons a Faith?  
For pieties  
And dubieties,  
To give them back a Faith?  
Who gives them for a flickering wraith,  
A central, funded, founded Faith?

*P. T. Forsyth*

### *From* The Watchers of the Sky

This music leads us far  
From all our creeds, except that faith in law.  
Your quest for knowledge — how it rests on that!  
How sure the soul is that if truth destroy  
The temple, in three days the truth will build  
A nobler temple; and that order reigns  
In all things. Even your atheist builds his doubt  
On that strange faith; destroys this heaven and God  
In absolute faith that his own thought is true  
To law, God's lanthorn to our stumbling feet;  
And so, despite himself, he worships God,  
For where true souls are, there are God and heaven.

*Alfred Noyes*

### The City's Crown

What makes a city great? Huge piles of stone  
Heaped heavenward? Vast multitudes who dwell  
Within wide circling walls? Palace and throne  
And riches past the count of man to tell,  
And wide domain? Nay, these the empty husk!  
True glory dwells where glorious deeds are done,  
Where great men rise whose names athwart the dusk

Of misty centuries gleam like the sun!  
In Athens, Sparta, Florence, 'twas the soul  
That was the city's bright immortal part,  
The splendor of the spirit was their goal,  
Their jewel the unconquerable heart!  
So may the city that I love be great  
Till every stone shall be articulate.

*William Dudley Foulke*

### Patchwork

Some rainbow shreds of Hope and Joy;  
Faith's golden stripes without alloy;  
Scraps of Ambition bright to see;  
A few white threads of Charity;  
Much of the purple cloth of Pain;  
Love's fabric, like a golden vein  
Between the strands of Hate and Strife; —  
Such is the patchwork we call Life.

*Clinton Scollard*

### Evaluation

Born in a borrowed cattle shed,  
And buried in another's tomb;  
Small wonder our complacency  
Leaves such a One no room!

But castles were as poor as sheds  
Until that Prince was born on earth,  
And tombs were mockeries of hope  
Before He changed death into birth!

*Elinor Lennen*

## Death

Why be afraid of death, as though your life were breath?  
Death but anoints your eyes with clay. O glad surprise!

Why should you be forlorn? Death only husks the corn.  
Why should you fear to meet the thrasher of the wheat?

Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet sleeping you are dead  
Till you awake and rise, here, or beyond the skies.

Why should it be a wrench to leave your wooden bench?  
Why not, with happy shout, run home when school is out?

The dear ones left behind? Oh, foolish one and blind!  
A day and you will meet — a night and you will greet.

This is the death of death, to breathe away a breath  
And know the end of strife, and taste the deathless life,

And joy without a fear, and smile without a tear;  
And work, nor care to rest, and find the last the best.

*Maltbie D. Babcock*

## The Chariot

Because I could not stop for Death,  
He kindly stopped for me;  
The carriage held but just ourselves,  
And Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste,  
And I had put away  
My labor and my leisure, too,  
For his civility.



We passed the school where children played,  
At wrestling in a ring;  
We passed the fields of gazing grain,  
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed  
A swelling of the ground;  
The roof was scarcely visible,  
The cornice but a mound.

Since then, 'tis centuries; but each  
Feels shorter than the day  
I first surmised the horses' heads  
Were toward eternity.

*Emily Dickinson*

### Tears

When I consider Life and its few years —  
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;  
A call to battle, and the battle done  
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;  
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;  
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;  
The burst of music down an unlistening street —  
I wonder at the idleness of tears.

Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,  
Chieftains and bards and keepers of the sheep,  
By every cup of sorrow that you had,  
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright  
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep:  
Homer his sight, David his little lad!

*Lizette Woodworth Reese*

### We Cannot Kindle

We cannot kindle when we will  
The fire which in the heart resides,  
The spirit bloweth and is still,  
In mystery our soul abides:  
But tasks, in hours of insight willed,  
May be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

*Matthew Arnold*

### A Prayer for Teachers

As to the seer in ancient time  
The angel came with coal aflame,  
And touched his lips that he might speak,  
O God, in Thine almighty name, —  
So to us in this later day  
Send down a purifying ray.

Put forth Thy hand and touch our mouths —  
Whose holy task it is to teach  
And guide the minds of eager youth, —  
That we may have inspiring speech.  
Grant us vast patience, insight wise,  
The open mind and heart and eyes.

Thus cleansed and quickened may we go  
And teach those in the morn of life  
The beauty and the might of peace  
The sin and ugliness of strife.  
Then shall the angel's voice proclaim,  
"You, too, have spoken in God's name."

*Marguerite Emilio*

### If You Have Made Gentler the Churlish World

If you have spoken something beautiful,  
Or touched the dead canvas to life,  
Or made the cold stone to speak —  
You who know the secret heart of beauty;  
If you have done one thing  
That has made gentler the churlish world,  
Though mankind pass you by,  
And feed and clothe you grudgingly —  
Though the world starve you,  
And God answer not your nightly prayers,  
And you grow old hungering still at heart,  
And walk friendless in your way,  
And lie down at last forgotten —  
If all this befall you who have created beauty,  
You shall still leave a bequest to the world  
Greater than institutions and rules and commerce;  
And by the immutable law of human heart  
The God of the universe is your debtor,  
If you have made gentler the churlish world.

*Max Ehrmann*

### Honors

What though unmarked the happy workman toil,  
And break unthanked of man the stubborn clod?  
It is enough, for sacred is the soil,  
Dear are the hills of God.

Far better in its place the lowliest bird  
Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,  
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word  
And sing His glory wrong.

*Jean Ingelow*

# Your Place

Is your place a small place?  
Tend it with care; —  
He set you there.

Is your place a large place?  
Guard it with care! —  
He set you there.

Whate'er your place, it is  
Not yours alone, but His  
Who set you there.

*John Oxenham*

# Food

When all is written and sung,  
When all is sung and said,  
It isn't the rich alone who feast,  
Nor the poor who cry for bread.

Colin marries a maid,  
And he gives her a ribbon of keys;  
But if his fancy roams at large,  
What can she do with these?

Marian knows the trick  
Of making a pastry sweet;  
But if she serve it with bitter words,  
What has her lord to eat?

The babe like a rose-leaf lies,  
Swaddled and nursed with care;  
Mother, the man in him starves and dies,  
If you teach not his lips a prayer!

Hunger will make no terms  
With pauper or plutocrat;  
Want besieges the godless gate,  
And life is a proof of that.

When all is written and sung,  
When all is sung or said,  
It is only God who is really food,  
It is only Love that is bread!

*Ruby Weyburn Tobias*

### Bethlehem

I shall not tarry over scrolls  
That chart the planets of the night;  
Nor follow paths of endless goals,  
The ordered orbs of Heaven's light;  
Nor shall I halt with sense and mind  
At palace, porch or merchant's mart:  
My caravan shall press to find  
A Savior for my hungry heart.

*Harry Webb Farrington*

### Out in the Fields With God

The little cares that fretted me,  
I lost them yesterday,  
Among the fields, above the sea,  
Among the winds at play;  
Among the lowing of the herds,  
The rustling of the trees;  
Among the singing of the birds,  
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may happen,  
 I cast them all away  
 Among the clover-scented grass,  
 Among the new-mown hay;  
 Among the rustling of the corn,  
 Where drowsy poppies nod,  
 Where ill thoughts die and good are born —  
 Out in the fields with God.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

### My House Has Windows

My house has windows that are wide and high;  
 I never keep the curtains drawn  
 Lest I should miss some glory of the sky,  
 Some splendor of the breaking dawn.  
 My soul has windows where God's sun streams in;  
 They never, never shuttered are,  
 Lest their closed blinds hide in my soul some sin  
 And keep some lovely thing afar.

*Anna Blake Mazquida*

### Commonplaces

"A commonplace life," we say, and we sigh;  
 But why should we sigh as we say?  
 The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky,  
 Makes up the commonplace day;  
 The moon and the stars are commonplace things,  
 And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings:  
 But dark were the world and sad our lot  
 If the flowers failed and the bird sang not;  
 And God, who studies each separate soul  
 Of our commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole.

*Susan Coolidge*

## Friends and Enemies

He who has a thousand friends  
Has not a friend to spare,  
While he who has one enemy  
Shall meet him everywhere.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

## A Prayer

Lord, let not my religion be  
A thing of selfish ecstasy;  
But something warm with tender care  
And fellowship which I can share.  
Let me not walk the other side  
Of trouble's highway long and wide;  
Make me a Good Samaritan,  
And neighbor unto every man.

*Clarence M. Burkholder*

## Life

Then life is — to wake not sleep,  
Rise and not rest, but press  
From earth's level, where blindly creep  
Things perfected, more or less,  
To the heaven's bright, far steep,  
Where, amid what strifes and storms  
May wait the adventurous quest,  
Power is love — transports, transforms.

*Robert Browning*

From "Christmas Eve"

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### Light

We cannot look beyond  
The spectrum's mystic bar,  
Beyond the violet light;  
Yea, other lights there are,  
And waves that touch us not,  
Voyaging far.

Vast, ordered forces whirl  
Invisible, unfelt;  
Their language less than sound,  
Their names unspelt.  
Suns cannot brighten them  
Nor white heat melt.

Here in the clammy dark  
We dig, as dwarfs for coal;  
Yet One Mind fashioned it  
And us, a luminous whole:  
As lastly thou shalt see,  
Thou, O my soul!

*Grace Wilkinson*

### Today and Tomorrow

Withhold all eulogies when I am dead,  
All noisy sorrow;  
Give me the tender word today instead  
Of tears tomorrow.

Come not with flowers to strew above my breast,  
And sigh for me there.  
The hawk or crow may haunt the piney crest;  
I shall not be there.



Speak not my name, when I have passed from earth,  
In tones of sadness;  
At thought of me repress no note of mirth,  
No burst of gladness.

Delay not, thou whom I have wounded sore,  
Till thou outlive me  
To grant the pardon that I here implore;  
But now forgive me.

*Edward N. Pomeroy*

### We Shall Build On!

We shall build on!  
On through the cynic's scorning.  
On through the coward's warning.  
On through the cheat's suborning.

We shall build on!  
Firm on the Rock of Ages,  
City of saints and sages.  
Laugh while the tempest rages,  
We shall build on!

Christ, though my hands be bleeding,  
Fierce though my flesh be pleading,  
Still let me see Thee leading,  
Let me build on!

Till through death's cruel dealing,  
Brain wrecked and reason reeling,  
I hear Love's trumpets pealing,  
And I pass on.

*G. A. Studdert-Kennedy*

## Trees

Oldest of friends, the trees!  
Ere fire came, or iron,  
Or the shimmering corn;  
When the earth mist was dank,  
Ere the promise of dawn,  
From the slime, from the muck —  
The trees!

Nearest of friends, the trees!  
They shield us from storm  
And brighten our hearths;  
They bring to our tables  
The autumn's fine gold;  
They carol our joys  
And sing to our griefs.  
They cradle our young  
And coffin our dead —  
The trees!

Truest of friends, the trees!  
Men wander far  
At a word or a nod;  
Life is a grief,  
Love is a chance,  
Faith stumbles oft,  
Joy is soon past.  
Oldest of friends,  
Nearest of friends,  
Truest of friends,  
The trees!

*Thomas Curtis Clark*

### The Right Use of Prayer

Therefore, when thou wouldst pray, or dost thine alms,  
Blow not a trump before thee: Hypocrites  
Do thus, vaingloriously; the common streets  
Boast of their largess, echoing their psalms.  
On such the laud of men, like unctuous balms,  
Falls with sweet savor. Impious Counterfeits!  
Prating of heaven, for earth their bosom beats!  
Grasping at weeds, they lose immortal palms!

God needs not iteration nor vain cries:  
That man communion with his God might share  
Below, Christ gave the ordinance of prayer:  
Vague ambages, and witless ecstasies,  
Avail not: ere a voice to prayer be given  
The heart should rise on wings of love to heaven.

*Aubrey de Vere*

### One Thing

The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,  
May hope to achieve it before life is done;  
But he who seeks all things wherever he goes,  
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows  
A harvest of barren regrets.

*Owen Meredith*

### *From Auf Wiedersehen*

It were a double grief, if the true-hearted,  
Who loved us here, should on the farther shore  
Remember us no more.

Believing, in the midst of our afflictions,  
That death is a beginning, not an end,  
We call to them, and send  
Farewells, that better might be called predictions  
Being foreshadowings of the future, thrown  
Into the vast unknown.

Faith overleaps the confines of our reason,  
And if by faith, as in old times was said,  
Women received their dead  
Raised up to life, then only for a season  
Our partings are, nor shall we wait in vain  
Until we meet again!

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

### “ A Man Must Live ”

“ A man must live! ” We justify  
Low shift and trick, to treason high;  
A little vote for a little gold,  
Or a whole Senate bought and sold,  
With this self-evident reply —  
“ A man must live! ”

But is it so? Pray tell me why  
Life at such cost you have to buy.  
In what religion were you told  
A man must live?  
There are times when a man must die!  
There are times when a man will die!  
Imagine for a battle-cry  
From soldiers with a sword to hold,  
From soldiers with a flag unfurled,  
This coward's whine, this liar's lie,  
“ A man must live! ”

The Saviour did not "live!"  
He died!  
But in his death was life —  
Life for himself and all mankind!  
He found his life by losing it!  
And we, being crucified  
Afresh with him, may find  
Life in the cup of death,  
And, drinking it,  
Win life forever more.

*Author Unknown*

### A Leafless Tree

I like to see  
The patience of a leafless tree  
Waiting in quiet dignity,  
Till spring shall set its greenness free.

I sometimes think  
That living just beneath the sky  
Has made it understand and drink  
Deeper wisdom than you and I —

It does not prate  
Of limitation in its sere  
Bare boughs; it does not estimate  
The time for fresh leaves to appear;

It seems to know,  
Within its great deep-rooted heart,  
That never-ending life shall flow  
And new springs start.

*Ann Louise Thompson*

### The Arrow and the Song

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where:  
For so swiftly it flew, the sight,  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight, so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak,  
I found the arrow still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

### Mutability

From low to high doth dissolution climb,  
And sink from high to low, along a scale  
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;  
A musical but melancholy chime,  
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,  
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.  
Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear  
The longest date, do melt like frosty rime,  
That in the morning whitened hill and plain,  
And is no more; drop like the tower sublime  
Of yesterday, which royally did wear  
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain  
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,  
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

*William Wordsworth*

## Children of Tomorrow

Come, Children of Tomorrow, come!  
New glory dawns upon the world.  
The ancient banners must be furled.  
The earth becomes our common home —  
The earth becomes our common home.  
From plain and field and town there sound  
The stirring rumors of the day.  
Old wrongs and burdens must make way  
For men to tread the common ground.

Look up! The children win to their immortal place.  
March on, march on — within the ranks of all the human  
race.

Come, love of people, for the part  
Invest our willing arms with might!  
Mother of Liberty, shed light  
As on the land, so in the heart —  
As on the land, so in the heart.  
Divided we have long withstood  
The love that is our common speech.  
The comrade cry of each to each  
Is calling us to humanhood.

*Zona Gale*

## Fulfillment

If we should find unfinished, incomplete,  
A single glistening pearly drop of dew,  
A single feather in the daring wings  
That soar exultant in the distant blue;  
A flake of snow upon the mountain's peak,  
A fern within some hidden cool abyss —  
Then might we doubt that God's most perfect plan  
In our own lives, perchance, might go amiss.

*Charlotte Newton*

# Remember

Remember me when I am gone away,  
 Gone far away into the silent land;  
 When you can no more hold me by the hand,  
 Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.  
 Remember me when no more day by day  
 You tell me of our future that you plann'd:  
 Only remember me; you understand  
 It will be late to counsel then or pray.  
 Yet if you should forget me for a while  
 And afterwards remember, do not grieve:  
 For if the darkness and corruption leave  
 A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,  
 Better by far you should forget and smile  
 Than that you should remember and be sad.

*Christina G. Rossetti*

# Thanks for Laughter

Father:  
 We thank Thee for laughter,  
 For the first sweet smile of a babe,  
 Which is Thy first glance on the world through his eyes;  
 For the glad play of a child,  
 Which to see Thou thyself bendest close from Heaven;  
 For the gay mirth of home life  
 Unto which Thou thyself delightest to harken;  
 For the swift flash of gallant humor,  
 That suddenly lightens the gloom of disaster;  
 For the homeric laughter of heroes going gallantly to death;  
 For the last dear smile struggling through weakness and  
 pain,  
 Yet radiant with love and faith,



Which may carry a man safe across the gulf of years and the  
silence of death.

We thank Thee, Father, for the gift of laughter,  
Which runs through the dark stuff of human tragedy  
Like a thread of gold through a sombre curtain —  
That curtain of life which sunders us from Life.

From "Prayers for Use in an Indian College"

### The Teachers

I went to school with the tutor, Law,  
A master severe and grim,  
Who taught by the pain of the biting cane —  
Yet learned I little of him.

I go to school with the teacher, Love,  
And my lightened eyes can see  
What the pain and the tears of the driven years  
Could never reveal to me.

*C. V. Pilcher*

### The All-Seeing Gods

No one sees me,  
Save the all-seeing Gods, who, knowing good  
And knowing evil, have created me  
Such as I am, and filled me with desire  
Of knowing good and evil like themselves.  
I hesitate no longer. Weal or woe,  
Or life or death, the moment shall decide.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

From "The Masque of Pandora"

Reflections

Stars lie broken on a lake  
Whenever passing breezes make  
The wavelets leap;  
But when the lake is still, the sky  
Gives moon and stars that they may lie  
On that calm deep.

If, like the lake that has the boon  
Of cradling the little moon  
Above the hill,  
I want the Infinite to be  
Reflected undisturbed in me,  
I must be still.

*Edna Becker*

The Shepherd Boy Sings

He that is down needs fear no fall,  
He that is low, no pride;  
He that is humble ever shall  
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,  
Little be it or much;  
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,  
Because Thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is  
That go on pilgrimage:  
Here little, and hereafter bliss  
Is best from age to age.

*John Bunyan*

### The Shadow on the Loom

Across my loom of years there fell a shadow, gaunt and gray,  
Through my quiet dreams an echo of marching feet;  
O'er the hum of the flying threads, a voice of gloom:

"The King's work waits, for His plans make room,  
Come out and help us prepare the way! "

Impatient I cried: "Through Life's brief day  
I have toiled at this web so near complete;  
Its warp holds the gold of my weary years,  
Shall I spoil it with haste or dim it with tears?  
I must finish this robe for a festal day."

So I turned again to the brave array  
Of shining threads in my safe retreat,  
And wrought 'till the shimmering gown was done;  
It gleamed like a jewel beneath the sun.  
"Now for the King and His great highway! "

But my soul was pierced with a great dismay,  
As proudly I turned the King to greet,  
For thorns lay thick in the path He had trod,  
All red from His patient feet was the sod,  
And lo, a world went clad in sober gray!

*Nellie Burget Miller*

### In After Days

In after days when grasses high  
O'ertop the stone where I shall lie,  
Though ill or well the world adjust  
My slender claim to honored dust,  
I shall not question or reply.

I shall not see the morning sky;  
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh;  
I shall be mute, as all men must  
In after days!

But yet, now living, fain were I  
That some one then should testify,  
Saying — "He held his pen in trust  
To art, not serving shame or lust."  
Will none? — Then let my memory die  
In after days.

*Austin Dobson*

### Dirt and Deity

If gutter-puddles after rain  
Can always look on high;  
And even with a floor of mud,  
Can have a roof of sky,

I never wonder any more  
How man (a pool of blue)  
Can at the bottom gather mire  
And mirror Heaven, too.

*Louis Ginsberg*

### Prayer

Lord, forgive —  
That I have dwelt too long on Golgotha,  
My wracked eyes fixed  
On Thy poor, tortured human form upon the cross,  
And have not seen  
The lilies in Thy dawn-sweet garden bend  
To anoint Thy risen feet; nor known the ways  
Thy radiant spirit walks abroad with men.

*Pauline Schroy*

## Faith

If a wren can cling  
To a spray a-swing  
In the mad May wind, and sing and sing,  
As if she'd burst for joy;  
Why cannot I  
Contented lie  
In His quiet arms beneath the sky,  
Unmoved by earth's annoy?

*F. B. Meyer*

*From Vastness*

Spring and Summer and Autumn and Winter, and all these  
old revolutions of earth;  
All new-old revolutions of empire — change of the tide what  
is it all worth?

What the philosophies, all the sciences, poesy, varying voices  
of prayer?  
All that is noblest, all that is basest, all that is filthy with  
all that is fair?

What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-  
coffins at last,  
Swallowed in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd in the deeps  
of a meaningless Past?

What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's  
anger of bees in their hive? —  
Peace, let it be! for I love him, and love him forever — the  
dead are not dead but alive.

*Alfred Tennyson*

### Various the Roads of Life

Various the roads of life; in one  
 All terminate, one lonely way.  
 We go; and "Is he gone?"  
 Is all our best friends say.

*Walter Savage Landor*

### Deserts

A desert does not have to be  
 A sandy waste where springs are dry;  
 A life can shrink to barrenness  
 If love goes by.

A desert does not have to be  
 A place where buzzards wheel at dawn;  
 A heart can hold as dreadful things  
 When faith is gone.

*Anne Hamilton*

### Somewhere

Somewhere there lies the dust  
 Of that rough wooden cross which Jesus bore  
 Up Calvary. And which, in turn, bore Him;  
 Was crimsoned with His blood. Dark stains were left  
 Which sunshine could not bleach,  
 Nor pelting rains erase.  
 'Twas cast aside in superstitious fear  
 Because tradition said He lived again;  
 And so it lay, until the Mother Earth  
 Received its crumbling dust back to her breast.

\* \* \*

But on that spot do lilies bloom  
With richer coloring, sweeter fragrance?

Somewhere there lie the nails  
Which Roman soldiers drove through His  
Extended palms. How cruel was the pain!  
The blows of hammers rested at His word —  
“ Father, forgive them, for they know  
Not what they do.” Stout spikes were they,  
Forged at the smithy in Jerusalem.  
Somewhere they lie, corroding black  
With rust of ages.

\* \* \*

Or have they turned to gold  
Through alchemy of Deathless Love?

*J. C. Cochrane*

### Tears

Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not  
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well —  
That is light grieving! lighter, none befell  
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.  
Tears! what are tears? The babe weeps in its cot,  
The mother singing; at her marriage-bell  
The bride weeps, and before the oracle  
Of high-faned hills the poet has forgot  
Such moisture on his cheeks. Thank God for grace,  
Ye who weep only! If, as some have done,  
Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place  
And touch but tombs, — look up! those tears will run  
Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,  
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

*From Hour of Death*

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
And stars to set — but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.

*Felicia Dorothea Hemans*

*If This Is All*

If this is all — one little ball  
Of transitory Earth,  
And we must fall, at Death's last call,  
Like apples — no more worth;  
Why do the stars make pathways for my eyes,  
The moon with melody fill all the skies,  
Creation's anthem peal for each sunrise —  
If our Earth ball is all?

If Life is meat and only meat,  
For one swift day — then Night,  
And I must eat my morsel sweet,  
E'er fades its fitful light;  
What means this surge within like mystic leaven,  
Why do my hungers reach from hell to heaven,  
My soul range universes seven times seven,  
If Life is only meat?

*Alban Asbury*

*In the Garden of the Lord*

The word of God came unto me,  
Sitting alone among the multitudes;  
And my blind eyes were touched with light.  
And there was laid upon my lips a flame of fire.



I laugh and shout for life is good,  
Though my feet are set in silent ways.  
In merry mood I leave the crowd  
To walk in my garden. Ever as I walk  
I gather fruits and flowers in my hands.  
And with joyful heart I bless the sun  
That kindles all the place with radiant life.

I run with playful winds that blow the scent  
Of rose and jessamine in eddying whirls.  
At last I come where tall lilies grow,  
Lifting their faces like white saints to God.  
While the lilies pray, I kneel upon the ground;  
I have strayed into the holy temple of the Lord.

*Helen Keller*

### Duty Our Ladder

Be thy duty high as angels flight,  
Fulfill it, and a higher will arise  
Even from its ashes. Duty is infinite,  
Receding as the skies.  
Were it not wisdom, then, to close our eyes  
On duties crowding only to appall?  
No: Duty is our ladder to the skies;  
And, climbing not, we fall.

*Robert Leighton*

### Golgotha's Cross

What is the cross on Golgotha to me —  
But the brave young Jesus murdered there?  
Roman justice debased?  
Israel's Messiah lost?

The tender lips agonized?  
The active mind bewildered?  
The feet, that walked fair Galilee,  
Pierced by nails?

I have tried to speak  
The words those lips revealed.  
I have tried to think as He thought.  
I have taught my feet to walk  
Humbly as He walked.

*And God prepared me a cross.*

The arms reach out to gather in  
The cripples, the blind, the weak.  
The arms reach out to feed them,  
To give them to drink.  
In these hands the nails are driven.

But the cross points upward.  
The arms fold me.  
The cross lifts me.  
Golgotha's cross is the road to heaven.

*Raymond Kresensky*

### Far Distances

O wide and shining, miles on miles,  
Yon sea's fair face upon me smiles;  
Yet for some further ocean's isles  
My fevered soul is yearning.

O daringly yon mountain-spire  
Conquers its giant leap; yet higher  
My spirit's infinite desire  
Speeds eager and unresting.

O amply-arched yon sky's dome swings  
Above me; yet my passion springs  
Wild at its walls with fluttering wings,  
For vaster circles questing.

I know not, heart. Yet must not He  
Who made all worlds too strait for thee  
Set thee at last where thou shalt be  
With His own greatness blended?

*Henry W. Clark*

### The Anvil of God's Mercy

I wonder that the metal stands the test;  
The hammering of dogma, and of creed,  
The lifting ferment of a world's unrest,  
The battering of ignorance, and greed!  
The dead-white flame of atheistic scorn,  
The ringing blows of ridicule, and doubt;  
The infidel's rough handling, and the worn  
Deceits and prayers of the half-devout!  
Yet still the anvil of God's mercy stands  
Singing its answer to each heavy blow,  
The stronger for humanity's demands —  
And man bends on it, steadily and slow!

*Anna Hamilton Wood*

### Remembering Calvary

Help me to suffer when I most would spare  
My human frame with pain and weakness spent,  
Help me receive with open arms nor dare  
To flinch at pain but count myself content,  
And all that has been and that is to be  
Help me to bear,  
Remembering Calvary.

Help me to leash the hounds of my desire,  
Taming them to a more submissive will,  
Help me to tune again a broken lyre  
And find that there is music in it still,  
Help me to do these things all cheerfully,  
Nor count the cost,  
Remembering Calvary.

*Ethel Fanning Young*

### The Will to Serve

Be thou guardian of the weak,  
Of the unfriended, thou the friend;  
No guerdon for thy valor seek,  
No end beyond the avowed end.  
Wouldst thou thy godlike power preserve,  
Be godlike in the will to serve.

*Jeannette B. Gilder*

From "The Parting of the Ways"

### When I Go Home

No tears, no sorrowing farewells;  
No drooping eye, no anguished breast;  
I am but quitting scenes where dwells  
The sadness that my soul oppressed:  
Then let my care-worn spirit rest  
When I go home!

No clasp of hands in last good-bye  
Disturb my weary, waiting soul;  
But, rather love-light fill the eye,  
And waiting Hope point to the goal:  
Let peace, unbroken, o'er me roll  
When I go home!

*Milton Lee*

## Song

Life, in one semester  
You wear so many masks,  
If you're sage or jester  
My spirit often asks.

Oft you seem so tragic,  
I fancy you are Woe;  
Then, as if by magic,  
In Laughter's garb you go.

Now I see you youthful,  
Now limping like a crone.  
Life, for once be truthful —  
Which face is all your own?

*Charles G. Blanden*

## Man Is His Own Star

Man is his own star, and the soul that can  
Render an honest and a perfect man,  
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;  
Nothing to him falls early or too late;  
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

*John Fletcher*

From "Upon an Honest Man's Fortune"

## Nature's Sorrow Cure

The only thing to cheer me,  
Beneath a heavy load,  
The beauty that is near me,  
The roses in my road.

A bit of new grass creeping,  
A butterfly of gold,  
The first spring bloodroot peeping  
Through dark and pulpy mold.

When even God is hidden,  
Because I will not see,  
A swallow's call unbidden  
Will bring Him back to me.

*Catherine Cate Coblentz*

### God Behind All

God is behind all.  
We find great things are made of little things,  
And little things go lessening, till at last  
Comes God behind them.  
*Robert Browning*  
From "Mr. Sludge, the Medium"

### Changeless

God will not change! The restless years may bring  
Sunlight and shade — the glories of the Spring,  
The silent gloom of sunless Winter hours;  
Joy mixed with grief — sharp thorns with fragrant flowers.  
Earth's lights may shine a while and then grow dim.  
But God is true! There is no change in Him.

Rest in the Lord today and all thy days  
Let His unerring hand direct thy ways  
Through the uncertainty, and hope and fear,  
That meet thee on the threshold of the year;  
And find while all life's changing scenes pass by  
Thy refuge in the love that can not die.

*Edith Hickman Dival*

### This Is Thy Hour, O Soul

This is thy hour, O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless,  
Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the lesson  
done,  
Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering the  
themes thou lovest best.  
Night, sleep, and the stars.

*Walt Whitman*

From "Leaves of Grass"

### My Neighbor's Roses

The roses red upon my neighbor's vine  
Are owned by him, but they are also mine,  
His was the cost, and his the labor, too,  
But mine as well as his the joy, their loveliness to view.

They bloom for me, and are for me as fair  
As for the man who gives them all his care.  
Thus I am rich, because a good man grew  
A rose-clad vine for all his neighbors' view.

I know from this that others plant for me,  
And what they own, my joy may also be;  
So why be selfish, when so much that's fine  
Is grown for you, upon your neighbor's vine?

*Abraham Gruber*

### Christmas Today

How can they honor Him — the humble lad  
Whose feet struck paths of beauty through the earth —  
With all the drunken revelry, the mad  
Barter of goods that marks His day of birth?

How can they honor Him with flame and din,  
 Whose soul was peaceful as a moon-swept sea,  
 Whose thoughts were somber with the world's great sin  
 Even while He trod the hill to Calvary?

I think if Jesus should return and see  
 This hollow blasphemy, this day of horror,  
 The heart that languished in Gethsemane  
 Would know again as great and deep a sorrow,  
 And He who charmed the troubled waves to sleep  
 With deathless words — would kneel again and weep.  
*Anderson M. Scruggs*

### Sound, Sound the Clarion

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!  
 To all the sensual world proclaim,  
 One crowded hour of glorious strife  
 Is worth an age without a name.  
*Sir Walter Scott*

### Death at Daybreak

I shall go out when the light comes in —  
 There lie my cast-off form and face;  
 I shall pass Dawn on her way to earth,  
 As I seek for a path through space.

I shall go out when the light comes in;  
 Would I might take one ray with me!  
 It is blackest night between the worlds,  
 And how is a soul to see?

*Anne Reeve Aldrich*



### My Prayer

I kneel to pray,  
But know not what to say:  
I cannot tell  
What may be ill or well:  
But as I look  
Into Thy Face or Book  
I see a love  
From which I cannot move:  
And learn to rest  
In this — Thy will is best:

Therefore I pray  
Only have Thine own way  
In everything  
My all wise God and King.  
Grant me the grace  
In all to give Thee place:  
This liberty  
Alone I ask of Thee:  
This only gift,  
Have Thy way perfectly.

*Mark Guy Pearse*

### Growing Old

Let me grow lovely, growing old,  
So many fine things to do;  
Laces, and ivory, and gold,  
And silks, need not be new;  
And there is healing in old trees;  
Old streets, a glamour hold;  
Why may not I, as well as these,  
Grow lovely, growing old?

*Karle Wilson Baker*

### Human Life

Like smoke I vanish though I burn like flame,  
I flicker in the gusts of wrong and right —  
A shining frailty in the guise of might;  
Before a nothing and behind a name.

*W. H. Malloch*

### Two at a Fireside

I built a chimney for a comrade old,  
I did the service not for hope of hire —  
And then I travelled on in winter's cold  
Yet all the way I glowed before the fire.

*Edwin Markham*

### She Is Wise, Our Ancient Mother

She is wise, our Ancient Mother,  
Her ways are not our ways;  
We cannot circumscribe her  
Though we watch her all our days.

On each of her questioning children  
She presses a different will;  
To one she says, "Keep busy,"  
To one she says, "Keep still."

She said to me, "Wait and listen,  
I have plenty to drive and do;  
Then once in a while when you are sure  
Speak out a word or two."

*Karle Wilson Baker*

## Life

'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief.

And sin is here.

Our age is but the falling of a leaf,

A dropping tear.

We have no time to sport away the hours;

All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we —

One, only one;

How sacred should that one life ever be —

That narrow span!

Day after day filled up with blessed toil,

Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

*Horatius Bonar*

## The Revelation

God's revelation of Himself may be

Ofttimes within the pages of a book,

But all times and forever in a look

Of hill-tops banked with blue infinity;

Forever in the branches of a tree

That leans in whiteness o'er a summer nook;

In iris plumes where waters turn and crook

And make slim paths of yellow down the lea!

God's skies are wide above an earthly throne;

His stars are candles on the altar there;

His clouds, an incense drifting into space!

His love with every dewy rose is shown;

The violets a kindly message bear;

And in the dawn we see Him face to face!

*Leslie Clare Manchester*

## Love and Life

Ah me! Why may not love and life be one?  
Why walk we thus alone, when, by our side,  
Love, like a visible God, might be our guide!  
How would the marts grow noble! and the street,  
Worn like a dungeon floor by weary feet,  
Seem then a golden courtway of the sun.

*Henry Timrod*

## Today

And if tomorrow shall be sad  
Or never come at all, I've had  
At least today!  
This little strip of light  
'Twixt night and night  
Let me keep bright  
Today!

And let no shadow of tomorrow,  
Nor sorrow from the dead yesterday,  
Gainsay my happiness today!  
And if tomorrow shall be sad  
Or never come at all, I've had  
At least today!

*Author Unknown*

## For Sleep When Overtired

Cares and anxieties,  
I roll you all up in a bundle together;  
I carry you across the meadow to the river.  
River, I am throwing in a bundle of cares and anxieties.  
Float it away to the sea!

Now I come slowly back across the meadow,  
Slowly into the house,  
Slowly up to my room.  
The night is quiet and cool;  
The lights are few and dim;  
The sounds are drowsy and far away and melting into each  
other;  
Melting into the night.  
Sleep comes creeping nearer, creeping nearer;  
It goes over my head like a wave.  
I sleep . . . I rest . . . I sleep.

*Sarah N. Cleghorn*

### December Twenty-Fourth

Tomorrow You are born again  
Who died so many times.  
Do You like the candle-light,  
Do You like the chimes?

Do You stop to wonder  
Why men never see  
How very closely Bethlehem  
Approaches Calvary?

*Eleanor Slater*

### Old Earthworks

Within that semi-circle formed by mounds  
Of useless clay, unoccupied and drear,  
Loud battle cries once mingled with the sounds  
Of dying men when warring foes met here;  
A conflict raged upon this very spot —  
Great cannon belching fire — and yet today  
The causes of the conflict are forgot,  
Like pyramids of leaves which mold away.

The grass again is green which once was red.  
 Death's harvest has been changed to one of grain.  
 No slightest whisper echoes from the dead,  
 To testify that men were ever slain  
 And piled in human mounds upon these hills  
 Which now ring with the call of whippoorwills.

*Thomas Sweeney*

### Life's Evening

Three score and ten! The tumult of the world  
 Grows dull upon my inattentive ear:  
 The bugle calls are faint, the flags are furled,  
 Gone is the rapture, vanished too the fear;  
 The evening's blessed stillness covers all,  
 As o'er the fields she folds her cloak of grey;  
 Hushed are the winds, the brown leaves slowly fall,  
 The russet clouds hang on the fringe of day.  
 What fairer hour than this? No stir of morn  
 With cries of waking life, nor shafts of noon —  
 Hot tresses from the flaming sun-god born —  
 Nor midnight's shivering stars and marble moon;  
 But softly twilight falls and toil doth cease,  
 While o'er my soul God spreads his mantle — peace.

*William Dudley Foulke*

### The Undiscovered Country

The dread of something after death,  
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
 No traveler returns, puzzles the will,  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of.

From "Hamlet"

*William Shakespeare*

## Friends Old and New

Make new friends, but keep the old;  
Those are silver, these are gold;  
New-made friendships, like new wine,  
Age will mellow and refine.  
Friendships that have stood the test —  
Time and change — are surely best;  
Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,  
Friendship never knows decay,

For 'mid old friends, tried and true,  
Once more we our youth renew.  
But old friends, alas! may die,  
New friends must their place supply.  
Cherish friendship in your breast;  
New is good, but old is best;  
Make new friends, but keep the old;  
Those are silver, these are gold.

*Author Unknown*

## Recompense

All that we say returns,  
The bitter word or sweet;  
Days, weeks, or years may intervene,  
But soon or late  
The spoken word and speaker meet.

All that we do returns:  
The deed that's true or base  
We may forget, but all unseen  
And parallel  
The doer and the deed keep pace.

*John Richard Moreland*

### All in All

We know Thee, each in part —  
 A portion small;  
 But love Thee, as Thou art —  
 The All in all:  
 For Reason and the ways thereof  
 Are starlight to the noon of Love.

*John B. Tabb*

### Gone

About the little chambers of my heart  
 Friends have been coming — going — many a year.  
 The doors stand open there.  
 Some, lightly stepping, enter; some depart.  
 Freely they come and freely go, at will.  
 The walls give back their laughter; all day long  
 They fill the house with song.  
 One door alone is shut, one chamber still.

*Mary E. Coleridge*

### Perfection

I swept my house of life and garnished it,  
 I looked it through with care,  
 For fear my thought might miss some imp of sin  
 Crouched low and hiding there.  
 But all was clean and clear, as empty as  
 A hollow globe of glass.  
 I smiled, and turned me to my windows wide  
 Watching the weary pass.



But never once did I desire to shield,  
From sun or wind or rain,  
One soul. Or ask one in to rest, and wash  
All free from travel-stain.

Time passed. Again I searched my house with care,  
Feeling secure from sin.  
Of spirits worse than all I'd known before,  
Lo! Eight had entered in!

*Ruth Fargo*

### Quatrain

Though love repine, and reason chafe,  
There came a voice without reply —  
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,  
When for the truth he ought to die.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

### Our Father's Door

Truants from love, we dream of wrath; —  
Oh, rather let us trust the more!  
Through all the wanderings of the path  
We still can see our Father's door!

*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

From "The Crooked Footpath"

### Creeds

The creed thy father built, wherein his soul  
Did live and move and find its vital joy,  
May be but small to thee; then, without fear,  
Build o'er again the atrium of the soul  
So broad that all mankind may feast with thee.

*William O. Partridge*

### The Aim of Life

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.  
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest.

*Philip James Bailey*

From "Festus"

### The Traitor

The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed;  
Man is more than Constitutions; better rot beneath the sod  
Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false  
to God.

*James Russell Lowell*

### Time

Threefold the stride of Time, from first to last!  
Loitering slow, the Future creepeth —  
Arrow-swift, the Present sweepeth —  
And motionless forever stands the Past.

*Friedrich von Schiller*

### A Piece of Clay

I took a piece of plastic clay  
And idly fashioned it one day,  
And, as my fingers pressed it still,  
It moved and yielded to my will.

I came again when days were past —  
The bit of clay was hard at last;  
The form I gave it, it still bore,  
But I could change that form no more.

I took a piece of living clay  
And gently formed it day by day,  
And moulded with my power and art  
A young child's soft and yielding heart.

I came again when years were gone —  
It was a man I looked upon;  
He still that early impress wore,  
And I could change him nevermore.

*Author Unknown*

### The Mystic Borderland

There is a mystic borderland that lies  
Just past the limits of our work-day world,  
And it is peopled with the friends we met  
And loved a year, a month, a week or day,  
And parted from with aching hearts, yet knew  
That through the distance we must lose the hold  
Of hand with hand, and only clasp the thread  
Of memory. But still so close we feel this land,  
So sure we are that these same hearts are true,  
That when in waking dreams there comes a call  
That sets the thread of memory aglow,  
We know that just by stretching out the hand  
In written word of love, or book, or flower,  
The waiting hand will clasp our own once more  
Across the distance, in the same old way.

*Helen Field Fischer*

## Wisdom

I say that I am wise. Yet dead leaves know  
More secrets than my heart can ever guess.  
I stand before a crocus' loveliness,  
A sword of fire thrust upward in the snow,  
And I can never say what embers glow  
Beneath this frozen earth. I must confess  
A child could stand here with but little less  
Of knowledge at the seasons' ebb and flow.

This barren hill holds fast dark sleeping seeds  
Whose flame and fragrance soon shall still the blood;  
Yet wise in words and ways of men, and creeds,  
I cannot know one purple twilight's plan.  
Unraveling the crimson of one bud,  
I tremble at the ignorance of man!

*Daniel Whitehead Hicky*

## The Cross

So heavy and so fraught with pain,  
But I must bravely trudge along  
The dusty way . . . nor dare arraign  
My cross.

I have no voice to lift in song;  
When sorrow's recompense I feign  
The muffled notes of grief remain.

And yet He prayed for strength to drain  
The bitter dregs and bear the thong.  
His kingly soul did not disdain  
The cross.

*Shirley Dillon Waite*

### How Shall We Honor Them?

How shall we honor them, our Deathless Dead?  
With strew of laurel and the stately tread?  
With blaze of banners brightening overhead?  
Nay, not alone these cheaper praises bring:  
They will not have this easy honoring.

. . . . .

How shall we honor them, our Deathless Dead?  
How keep their mighty memories alive?  
In him who feels their passion, they survive!  
*Flatter their souls with deeds, and all is said!*

*Author Unknown*

### Work Without Hope

All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair —  
The bees are stirring — birds are on the wing —  
And Winter slumbering in the open air,  
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!  
And I the while, the sole unbusy thing,  
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,  
Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.  
Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,  
For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away!  
With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll:  
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?  
Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve,  
And Hope without an object cannot live.

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

### The King

How plain soe'er the house or poor the guests,  
The royalest of all sits at thy board,  
Shares thy small space, waits longingly to give  
Full measure of the comfort of His love.  
How great thy dignity! How little need  
That men should power or place or goods bestow!

Oh, give Him access to thy pent-up heart;  
No longer poor the place where God takes part.

*Mary F. Butts*

### Voice

You in whose veins runs the fire of loving,  
For people, for plants, for little animals,  
For rocks and earth, stars and the elements,  
You have a secret Voice, always singing.  
It is never still. It runs with your haste  
And idles in your silence. It is everywhere.  
O you, for whom this passionate Voice sings  
And will not be silent, think now of those  
For whom no voice sounds. Of those who toil  
Without the singing voice,  
And live in a world which has not yet come through  
Into your world.  
Oh, can you not hear that the song your Voice is singing  
Is the song which is to bring that world of theirs  
Into the light which must light all men?

Why else do you imagine that this Voice is singing?  
Why else do you imagine that the fire of love  
Runs in your veins?

*Zona Gale*

## Blessed

He prayed for strength that he might achieve;  
He was made weak that he might obey.  
He prayed for wealth that he might do greater things;  
He was given infirmity that he might do better things.  
He prayed for riches that he might be happy;  
He was given poverty that he might be wise.  
He prayed for power that he might have the praise of men;  
He was given infirmity that he might feel the need of God.  
He prayed for all things that he might enjoy life;  
He was given life that he might enjoy all things.  
He had received nothing that he asked for — all that he  
    hoped for;  
His prayer was answered — he was most blessed.

*Author Unknown*

## Convinced by Sorrow

“There is no God,” the foolish saith,  
    But none, “There is no sorrow.”  
And nature oft the cry of faith,  
    In bitter need will borrow:  
Eyes which the preacher could not school,  
    By wayside graves are raised,  
And lips say, “God be pitiful,”  
    Who ne’er said, “God be praised.”

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

## Song of the New World

I sing the song of a new Dawn waking,  
    A new wind shaking the children of men.  
I say the hearts that are nigh to breaking  
    Shall leap with gladness and live again.

Over the woe of the world appalling,  
 Wild and sweet as a bugle cry,  
 Sudden I hear a new voice calling —  
 “ Beauty is nigh! ”

Beauty is nigh! Let the world believe it.  
 Love has covered the fields of dead.  
 Healing is here! Let the earth receive it,  
 Greeting the Dawn with lifted head.  
 I sing the song of the sin forgiven,  
 The deed forgotten, the wrong undone.  
 Lo, in the East, where the dark is riven,  
 Shines the rim of the rising sun.

Healing is here! O brother, sing it!  
 Laugh, O heart, that has grieved so long.  
 Love will gather your woe and fling it  
 Over the world in waves of song.  
 Hearken, mothers, and hear them coming —  
 Heralds crying the day at hand.  
 Faint and far as the sound of drumming,  
 Hear their summons across the land.

Look, O fathers! Your eyes were holden —  
 Armies throng where the dead have lain.  
 Fiery steeds and chariots golden —  
 Gone is the dream of soldiers slain.  
 Sing, oh, sing of a new world waking,  
 Sing of creation just begun.  
 Glad is the earth when morn is breaking —  
 Man is facing the rising sun!

*Angela Morgan*



### For This Universe

O God, we thank Thee for this universe, our great home;  
for its vastness and its riches, and for the manifoldness  
of the life which teems upon it and of which we are part.  
We praise Thee for the arching sky and the blessed winds,  
for the driving clouds and the constellations on high.  
We praise Thee for the salt sea and the running water,  
for the everlasting hills, for the trees, and for the grass  
under our feet.

We thank Thee for our senses by which we can see the  
splendor of the morning, and hear the jubilant songs of  
love, and smell the breath of the springtime.

Grant us, we pray Thee, a heart wide open to all this joy  
and beauty and save our souls from being so steeped in  
care or so darkened by passion that we pass heedless and  
unseeing when even the thornbush by the wayside is  
afire with the glory of God.

*Walter Rauschenbusch*

### The Seekers

Where men have held the vision clear  
Of Brotherhood before their eyes,  
The holy angels' message still  
Comes singing down the skies.

Where earnest seekers of the Truth  
Follow her beckoning from afar,  
Forever through their dark and doubt  
Shall shine the guiding star.

*Lucia Trevitt Auryansen*

### The Voice of God

I sought to hear the voice of God,  
 And climbed the topmost steeple.  
 But God declared: "Go down again,  
 I dwell among the people."

*Louis I. Newman*

### Be Noble

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies  
 In other men, sleeping, but never dead,  
 Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;  
 Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,  
 Then will pure light around thy path be shed,  
 And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone.

*James Russell Lowell*

### Credo

I cannot find my way: there is no star  
 In all the shrouded heavens anywhere;  
 And there is not a whisper in the air  
 Of any living voice but one so far  
 That I can hear it only as a bar  
 Of lost, imperial music, played when fair  
 And angel fingers wove, and unaware,  
 Dead leaves to garlands where no roses are.

No, there is not a glimmer, nor a call,  
 For one that welcomes, welcomes when he fears,  
 The black and awful chaos of the night;  
 For through it all, — above, beyond it all, —  
 I know the far-sent message of the years,  
 I feel the coming glory of the Light!

*Edwin Arlington Robinson*

### My Church

On me nor Priest nor Presbyter nor Pope,  
Bishop nor Dean may stamp a party name;  
But Jesus, with his largely human scope,  
The service of my human life may claim.  
Let prideful priests do battle about creeds,  
The church is mine that does most Christlike deeds.  
*Author Unknown*

### Dream-Pedlary

If there were dreams to sell,  
What would you buy?  
Some cost a passing bell;  
Some a light sigh,  
That shakes from Life's fresh crown  
Only a rose-leaf down.  
If there were dreams to sell,  
Merry and sad to tell,  
And the crier rang the bell,  
What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,  
With bowers nigh,  
Shadowy, my woes to still,  
Until I die.  
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown  
Fain would I shake me down.  
Were dreams to have at will,  
This would best heal my ill,  
This would I buy.

*Thomas Lovell Beddoes*

### O Purblind Race

O purblind race of miserable men!  
 How many among us at this very hour  
 Do forge a lifelong trouble for ourselves,  
 By taking true for false, or false for true;  
 Here, thro' the feeble twilight of this world  
 Groping — how many — until we pass and reach  
 That other, where we see as we are seen.

*Alfred Tennyson*

From "Geraint and Enid"

### Integrity

He made honest doors,  
 Did Christ, the Nazarene;  
 He laid honest floors —  
 His work was fair and clean.

He made crosses, too,  
 Did Christ the Crucified;  
 Straight and strong and true —  
 And on a Cross He died!

*William L. Stidger*

### Experience

I am a part of all that I have met;  
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough  
 Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades  
 For ever and for ever when I move.

*Alfred Tennyson*

From "Ulysses"

### Faith and Science

Faith has no quarrel with science: she foreknows  
The truths which science grudgingly bestows.  
Believing David sang that God is one  
Ere science found one law in earth and sun.  
Faith knows no hindering bonds, she leaps to seize  
The truth which science doubts; the harmonies  
That men of science learned from age-long thought  
Were first revealed to hearts untrained, untaught,  
But reverent. Let faith from science learn  
Enduring patience; nor let science spurn  
The gift of faith, a never-failing love;  
Thus, each supporting each, the two shall prove  
The final truth of life, that God the Soul  
Through perfect law seeks perfect Beauty's goal.

*Thomas Curtis Clark*

### Talk Faith

Talk faith. The world is better off without  
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.  
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,  
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf  
Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come;  
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

### The Heart's Proof

Do you ask me how I prove  
That our Father, God, is love?  
By this world which He hath made,  
By the songs of grove and blade,

By the brooks that singing run,  
 By the shining of the sun,  
 By the breeze that cools my brow,  
 By fresh odors from the plow,  
 By the daisy's golden head,  
 Shining in the fields I tread,  
 By the chorus of the bees  
 In the flowering willow trees,  
 By the gentle dews and rain,  
 By the farmer's springing grain,  
 By the light of golden eyes,  
 By the sheen of forest leaves,  
 By the sweets of woodland springs,  
 By the joy right-doing brings —  
 By a thousand, thousand things!

*James Buckham*

### My Spirit Will Grow Up

Some day my spirit will grow up tall and wise,  
 And then, stern Life, I shall no longer go  
 Cowardly running and crying from your blow.  
 Then I will face you with clear, earnest eyes  
 Smiling a little at your sharp surprise,  
 Unflinching from the threatened stroke, with no  
 Soft tremor to lighten your frown — when I shall grow  
 In spirit, some day, tall and strong and wise.  
 Then I will face you, it may be I shall laugh,  
 Not to disarm you, not to conclude our strife,  
 But joyous in my newly steadied will  
 That finds a comfort in thy rod and staff.  
 Then I will say: "You may hurt me, hurt me, Life,  
 Hurt me your worst, and I will love you still!"

*Ruth Evelyn Henderson*

### This Is the Making of Man

Flame of the spirit and dust of the earth —  
This is the making of man;  
This is his problem of birth:  
Born to all holiness, born to all crime,  
Heir to both worlds, on the long slope of time,  
Climbing the path of God's plan.  
Dust of the earth in his error and fear,  
Weakness and malice and lust;  
Yet, quivering up from the dust,  
Flame of the spirit, upleaping and clear,  
Yearning to God, since from God is his birth —  
This is man's portion, to shape as he can,  
Flame of the spirit and dust of the earth —  
This is the making of man.

*Priscilla Leonard*

### In Men Whom Men Condemn

In men whom men condemn as ill  
I find so much of goodness still,  
In men whom men pronounce divine  
I find so much of sin and blot,  
I do not dare to draw a line  
Between the two, where God has not.

*Joaquin Miller*

### Love

Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove;  
Oh, no! it is an ever-fixed mark  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken.

*William Shakespeare*

### Civilization

One man craves a scarf or glove,  
And another man must die,  
For such is the rule of light and love  
That our lives are guided by.

One man craves a jeweled cross,  
And another hangs thereon.  
And the watching world feels less remorse  
Than the winner feels of scorn.

One man barter, one man buys  
Spirit and blood and breath.  
And the market groans with new supplies  
Though the stalls be cleared by death.

One man craves a scarf or glove,  
And another man must die.  
For such is the rule of light and love  
That the ages sanctify.

*Stanton A. Coblentz*

### The Way to Power

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,  
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.  
Yet not for power (power of herself  
Would come uncalled for) but to live by law,  
Acting the law we live by without fear;  
And, because right is right, to follow right  
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

*Alfred Tennyson*

From "Idylls of the King"



### A Narrow Window

A narrow window may let in the light,  
A tiny star dispel the gloom of night,  
A little deed a mighty wrong set right.

A rose, abloom, may make a desert fair;  
A single cloud may darken all the air;  
A spark may kindle ruin and despair.

A smile and there may be an end to strife;  
A look of love, and Hate may sheathe the knife;  
A word — ah, it may be a word of life!

*Florence Earle Coates*

### Words

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds,  
You can't do that when you're flying words.  
Careful with fire is good advice, we know;  
Careful with words is ten times doubly so.  
Thoughts unexpressed sometimes fall back dead,  
But God himself can't kill them once they're said.

*Author Unknown*

### In His Sight

God counts time not by minutes nor by days,  
The years, to Him, are but the markings on a dial,  
'Round which we circle, madly spinning,  
Like futile second hands. Our very haste betrays  
Our fear of time. And all the while,  
His pointing hand moves slowly in an arc

So vast, its end and its beginning  
 Alike are lost in deep impenetrable dark  
 Of Past and Future. And our tick-tick-tock  
 But marks the silence of God's timeless clock.

*Anna R. Baker*

### The Life of Man

The life of man is a lonely thing,  
 A lonely thing, God wot.  
 He dreams alone; he dies alone:  
 Life is a lonely lot.

The life of man is a friendly thing,  
 And he has a friendly heart.  
 He gives his life; he lives till death;  
 Life is a friendly art.

A friendlier thing, a lonelier thing,  
 As swift years go and come;  
 Perchance that hearts may find their rest  
 In Him, the heart's true home.

*Lucius H. Thayer*

### Earth's Story

With primal void and cosmic night  
 Love had its way, and there was light.

A flaming waste, through æons long  
 Took form, and chaos turned to song.

The sun embraced the virgin earth  
 And warmed the leafy plants to birth.

Slow ages passed, and patient time  
 Brought creeping reptiles from the slime.

Through vasty waters fishes sped,  
In torrid jungles beasts were bred.

Then Beauty filled the land with flowers,  
And lo! birds thronged the forest bowers.

Love yearned for answering love — the voice  
Of thinking Man made God rejoice.

Then all the stars began to sing  
As conscious Nature crowned its King.

*Thomas Curtis Clark*

### The Sentinel

The morning is the gate of day,  
But ere you enter there  
See that you set to guard it well,  
The sentinel of prayer.

So shall God's grace your steps attend,  
But nothing else pass through  
Save what can give the countersign;  
The Father's will for you.

When you have reached the end of day  
Where night and sleep await,  
Set there the sentinel again  
To bar the evening's gate.

So shall no fear disturb your rest,  
No danger and no care.  
For only peace and pardon pass  
The watchful guard of prayer.

*Author Unknown*

### Leaf After Leaf Drops Off

Leaf after leaf drops off, flower after flower,  
 Some in the chill, some in the warmer hour:  
 Alive they flourish, and alive they fall,  
 And Earth who nourished them receives them all.  
 Should we, her wiser sons, be less content  
 To sink into her lap when life is spent?

*Walter Savage Landor*

### The Fellowship

When brambles vex me sore and anguish me,  
 Then I remember those pale martyr feet  
 That trod on burning shares and drank the heat,  
 As it had been God's dew, with ecstasy.

And when some evanescent sunset glow  
 Renews the beauty-sting, I set my pride  
 On that great fellowship of those who know  
 The artist's yearning, yet are self-denied.

Feast me no feasts that for the few are spread,  
 With holy cup of brotherhood ungraced,  
 For though I sicken at my daily bread,  
 Bitter and black, I crave the human taste.

*Katharine Lee Bates*

### You and Today

With every rising of the sun,  
 Think of your life as just begun.  
 The past has shrived and buried deep  
 All yesterdays; there let them sleep.

Concern yourself with but today,  
Woo it, and teach it to obey  
Your will and wish. Since time began  
Today has been the friend of man;

But in his blindness and his sorrow,  
He looks to yesterday and tomorrow.  
You, and today! a soul sublime,  
And the great pregnant hour of time,  
With God himself to bind the twain!  
Go forth, I say — attain, attain!  
With God himself to bind the twain!

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

### The Thing We Long For

The thing we long for, that we are  
For one transcendent moment,  
Before the Present poor and bare  
Can make its sneering comment.

*James Russell Lowell*

From "Longings"

### Sunsets

God, You need not make for me  
Doctrines of Infinity —  
Just a sunset in the west,  
Never mind about the rest;  
To my queries You reply  
When You paint the evening sky;  
Seems to me I know You best  
By Your sunsets in the west.

*Florence Boyce Davis*

## Because of You

Because of you I bear aloft the standard  
Of high resolve — ideals pure and true;  
And to ignoble thoughts I have not pandered —  
Because of You!

No summer sun but wears an added whiteness —  
No fair and cloudless sky but seems more blue —  
No midnight star but shines with fuller brightness —  
Because of You!

No darkened day but holds some glint of radiance —  
No hour of life that I entirely rue —  
No bitter weed but has some touch of fragrance —  
Because of You!

Thoughts of your love within my heart are swelling —  
Courage and hope both nerve my heart anew;  
Life has a sweetness far beyond all telling —  
Because of You!

*W. Cestrian*

## Because of Thy Great Bounty

Because I have been given much,  
I, too, shall give;  
Because of Thy great bounty, Lord,  
Each day I live  
I shall divide my gifts from Thee  
With every brother that I see  
Who has the need of help from me.

Because I have been sheltered, fed,  
By Thy good care,  
I cannot see another's lack  
And I not share  
My glowing fire, my loaf of bread,  
My roof's shelter overhead,  
That he, too, may be comforted.

Because love has been lavished so  
Upon me, Lord,  
A wealth I know that was not meant  
For me to hoard,  
I shall give love to those in need,  
The cold and hungry clothe and feed,  
Thus shall I show my thanks indeed.

*Grace Noll Crowell*

### Desire

The desire of love, Joy:  
The desire of life, Peace:  
The desire of the soul, Heaven:  
The desire of God . . . a flame-white secret forever.

*William Sharp*

### Not in Solitude

Yet not in solitude if Christ anear me  
Waketh him workers for the great employ,  
Oh not in solitude, if souls that hear me  
Catch from my joyance the surprise of joy.

*F. W. H. Myers*

From "St. Paul "

It Is Not Growing Like a Tree

It is not growing like a tree  
 In bulk, doth make Man better be;  
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:  
     A lily of a day  
     Is fairer far in May,  
 Although it fall and die that night —  
 It was the plant and flower of Light.  
 In small proportions we just beauties see;  
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

*Ben Jonson*

From "A Pindaric Ode"

Comrade Christ

Give us Jesus Christ, the Carpenter.  
 What to us is your white-liveried God?  
 O men of the anvil, of the loom, the sod,  
 They have hid our God in a golden sepulcher;  
 They have made of our Christ a sniveling, pampered priest,  
 A paltry giver of fine bread and wine —  
 Our Christ is a God of men, as Man divine,  
 Holding in brotherhood the lost and least.

He toils in the desert places by our side;  
 He delves with us beneath the granite hill;  
 He weeps above our brothers who have died;  
 He dreams with us in the darkness hot and still:  
 No surpliced shriver of the sins of men —  
 Christ, the Carpenter, has come again.

*Verne Bright*



## Credo

Each, in himself, his hour to be and cease  
Endures alone, but who of men shall dare,  
Sole with himself, his single burden bear,  
All the long day until the night's release?  
Yet ere night falls, and the last shadows close,  
This labor of himself is each man's lot;  
All he has gained on earth shall be forgot,  
Himself he leaves behind him when he goes.  
If he has any valiancy within,  
If he has made his life his very own,  
If he has loved, or labored, and has known  
A strenuous virtue or a strenuous sin;  
Then, being dead, his life was not all vain,  
For he has saved what most desire to lose,  
And he has chosen what the few must choose,  
Since life, once lived, shall not return again.  
For of our time we lose so large a part  
In serious trifles, and so oft let slip  
The wine of every moment, at the lip  
Its moment, and the moment of the heart.  
We are awake so little on the earth,  
And we shall sleep so long, and rise so late —  
If there is any knocking at that gate  
Which is the gate of death, the gate of birth.

*Arthur Symons*

## Great Things

Great things are done when men and mountains meet;  
These are not done by jostling in the street.

*William Blake*

### Making Life Worth While

May every soul that touches mine —  
 Be it the slightest contact —  
 Get therefrom some good;  
 Some little grace; one kindly thought;  
 One aspiration yet unfelt;  
 One bit of courage  
 For the darkening sky;  
 One gleam of faith  
 To brave the thickening ills of life;  
 One glimpse of brighter skies'  
 Beyond the gathering mists —  
 To make this life worth while  
 And heaven a surer heritage.

*George Eliot*

### Attainment

Use all your hidden forces. Do not miss  
 The purpose of this life, and do not wait  
 For circumstance to mold or change your fate.  
 In your own self lies destiny. Let this  
 Vast truth cast out all fear, all prejudice,  
 All hesitation. Know that you are great,  
 Great with divinity. So dominate  
 Environment, and enter into bliss. —  
 Love largely and hate nothing. Hold no aim  
 That does not chord with universal good.

Hear what the voices of the silence say,  
 All joys are yours if you put forth your claim,  
 Once let the spiritual laws be understood,  
 Material things must answer and obey.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

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 All joys are yours if you put forth your claim,  
 Once let the spiritual laws be understood,  
 Material things must answer and obey.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

## As I Grow Old

God keep my heart attuned to laughter  
When youth is done;  
When all the days are gray days, coming after  
The warmth, the sun.  
Ah! keep me then from bitterness, from grieving,  
When life seems cold;  
God keep me always loving and believing  
As I grow old.

*Author Unknown*

## Ascent

Delve not so deep in the gloomy past  
That life's bright sands cave in and bury thee;  
Better it is to make a ladder fast  
Against a star, and climb eternally.

*Charles G. Blanden*

## On Life's Way

The world is wide,  
In time and tide,  
And — God is guide;  
Then do not hurry.

That man is blest  
Who does his best  
And leaves the rest,  
Then do not worry.

*Charles F. Deems*

From Old to New

Man must pass from old to new,  
From vain to real, from mistake to fact,  
From what once seemed good, to what now proves best.

*Robert Browning*

From "Death in the Desert"

New Temples

I think God loves new temples built to Him  
And watches as each stone is laid on stone,  
And smiles to see them laid so straight and true,  
Lifting the strong wide walls to heaven's blue.  
And when the carpenters have done with them,  
And each new church stands finished and alone,  
When dusk sifts violet shadows through the glass  
Of painted windows, I think that God must pass  
Between the new dim aisles, and stopping where  
The last light falls across His shining hair,  
He kneels and holds the first communion there.

*Lexie Dean Robertson*

Spring

The sun lies light on a jade-green hill,  
There's a burst of song from a loosened rill,  
The wind warms the breast of the new-turned sod,  
And the note of a bird links earth with God!

*Anne Elizabeth Maddock*

## Unto Each His Handiwork

Unto each his handiwork, unto each his crown,  
The just Fate gives.  
Whoso takes the world's life on him and his own lays down,  
He, dying so, lives.  
Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the wronged world's  
weight,  
And puts it by,  
It is well with him suffering, though he face man's fate;  
How should he die?

*Algernon Charles Swinburne*

## Stone Walls Do Not a Prison Make

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for a hermitage;  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty.

*Richard Lovelace*

From "From Prison"

## A Garden Prayer

That we are mortals and on earth must dwell  
Thou knowest, Allah, and didst give us bread —  
And remembering of our souls didst give us food of  
flowers —  
Thy name be hallowéd.

*Thomas Walsh*

God's Book

God spreads a book before my eyes,  
 As I go tramping hill and dell,  
 And oh, my heart is made most wise  
 By what His wind-blown pages tell.

Though men declare I am a clown,  
 Whose dreams have made him worse than fey,  
 The while I wander up and down,  
 I give no heed to what they say.

I turn me from their foolish words  
 To read the kindliness of God  
 Within His book of singing birds,  
 Of trees and brooks and fragrant sod.

*Edgar Daniel Kramer*

Adios

Could I but teach man to believe,  
 Could I but make small men to grow,  
 To break frail spider-webs that weave  
 About their thews and bind them low;  
 Could I but sing one song and slay  
 Grim Doubt; I then could go my way  
 In tranquil silence, glad, serene,  
 And satisfied from off the scene.  
 But ah, this disbelief, this doubt,  
 This doubt of God, this doubt of Good —  
 This damned spot will not out!

*Joaquin Miller*



### Who Loves the Rain

Who loves the rain  
And loves his home,  
And looks on life with quiet eyes,  
Him will I follow through the storm;  
And at his hearth-fire keep me warm;  
Nor hell nor heaven shall that soul surprise,  
Who loves the rain,  
And loves his home,  
And looks on life with quiet eyes.

*Frances Shaw*

### Days

Some days my thoughts are just cocoons — 'all cold, and  
dull, and blind,  
They hang from dripping branches in the grey woods of my  
mind;

And other days they drift and shine — such free and flying  
things!

I find the gold-dust in my hair, left by their brushing wings.

*Karle Wilson Baker*

### In This Earth, Perfection

In this broad earth of ours,  
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,  
Enclosed and safe within its central heart,  
Nestles the seed perfection.

*Walt Whitman*

From "Birds of Passage"

## Reunited

When you and I have played this little hour,  
Have seen the tall subaltern Life to Death  
Yield up his sword; and, smiling, draw the breath,  
The first long breath of freedom; when the flower  
Of Recompense hath fluttered to our feet,  
As to an actor's; and, the curtain down,  
We turn to face each other all alone —  
Alone, we two, who never yet did meet,  
Alone, and absolute, and free: O then,  
O then, most dear, how shall be told the tale?  
Clasp'd hands, press'd lips, and so clasp hands again;  
No words. But as the proud wind fills the sail,  
My love to yours shall reach, then one deep moan  
Of joy, and then our infinite Alone.

*Gilbert Parker*

## Easter

But His lone cross and crown of thorns  
Endure when crowns and empires fall.  
The might of His undying love  
In dying conquered all.

*John Oxenham*

## Heaven in My Hand

I looked for Heaven, high on a hill,  
Heaven where mighty towers stand;  
Then emptied my hands of gold to fill  
The empty hands of others — and still  
Had gold, with Heaven in my hand.

*Raymond Kresensky*

## Victory in Defeat

Defeat may serve as well as victory  
To shake the soul and let the glory out.  
When the great oak is straining in the wind,  
The boughs drink in new beauty, and the trunk  
Sends down a deeper root on the windward side.  
Only the soul that knows the mighty grief  
Can know the mighty rapture. Sorrows come  
To stretch our spaces in the heart for joy.

*Edwin Markham*

## Resolve

To keep my health!  
To do my work!  
To live!  
To see to it I grow and gain and give!  
Never to look behind me for an hour!  
To wait in weakness and to walk in power.  
But always fronting onward toward the light  
Always and always facing toward the right,  
Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen, wide astray —  
On with what strength I have  
Back to the way!

*Charlotte Perkins Gilman*

## A Strip of Blue

I do not own an inch of land,  
But all I see is mine —  
The orchards and the mowing-fields,  
The lawns and gardens fine.

The winds my tax-collectors are,  
 They bring me tithes divine —  
 Wild scents and subtle essences,  
 A tribute rare and free;  
 And, more magnificent than all,  
 My window keeps for me  
 A glimpse of blue immensity,  
 A little strip of sea.

Here sit I, as a little child;  
 The threshold of God's door  
 Is that clear band of chrysoprase;  
 Now the vast temple floor,  
 The blinding glory of the dome  
 I bow my head before;  
 The universe, O God, is home,  
 In height or depth, to me;  
 Yet here upon Thy footstool green  
 Content am I to be;  
 Glad, when is opened to my need  
 Some sea-like glimpse of Thee.

*Lucy Larcom*

*From Nobility*

True worth is in being, not seeming —  
 In doing, each day that goes by,  
 Some little good — not in dreaming  
 Of great things to do by and by.  
 For whatever men say in their blindness,  
 And spite of the fancies of youth,  
 There's nothing so kingly as kindness,  
 And nothing so royal as truth.

*Alice Cary*

### Windows for My Soul

I will hew great windows for my soul,  
Channels of splendor, portals of release;  
Out of earth's prison walls will I hew them,  
That my thundering soul may push through them;  
Through the strata of human strife and passion  
I will tunnel a way, I will carve and fashion  
With the might of my soul's intensity  
Windows fronting on immensity,  
Towering out of time  
I will breathe the air of another clime  
That my spirit's pain may cease.  
That the being of me may have room to grow,  
That my eyes may meet God's eyes and know;  
I will hew great windows, wonderful windows,  
Measureless windows for my soul.

*Author Unknown*

### God Give Me Joy

God give me joy in the common things:  
In the dawn that lures, the eve that sings.

In the new grass sparkling after rain,  
In the late wind's wild and weird refrain;

In the springtime's spacious field of gold,  
In the precious light by winter doled.

God give me joy in the love of friends,  
In their dear home talk as summer ends;

In the songs of children, unrestrained;  
In the sober wisdom age has gained.

God give me joy in the tasks that press,  
In the memories that burn and bless;

In the thought that life has love to spend,  
In the faith that God's at journey's end.

God give me hope for each day that springs,  
God give me joy in the common things!

*Thomas Curtis Clark*

### " A Faithless Generation Asked a Sign "

A faithless generation asked a sign,  
Some fresh and flaming proof of human worth  
Since youth could find no flavor in life's wine  
And there were no more giants in the earth.  
Then out of gray oblivion He came  
To laugh at space and thrust aside its bars,  
To manifest the littleness of fame  
To one who has companioned with the stars.  
The drought of greed is broken, fruitful streams  
Of courage flow through fields long parched and dead,  
Young men see visions now, old men dream dreams,  
A world moves forward with uplifted head:  
A Lad with wings to dare had faith to rise  
And carve proud arcs across uncharted skies.

*Molly Anderson Haley*

### *From The Things That Endure*

What wish you, immortality?  
Then of frail visions become the wooer.  
Stone cities melt like mist away,  
But footsteps in the sand — endure.

*Florence Wilkinson*

### The Man of Sorrows

Christ claims our help in many a strange disguise;  
Now, fever-ridden, on a bed He lies;  
Homeless He wanders now beneath the stars;  
Now counts the number of His prison bars;  
Now bends beside us, crowned with hoary hairs.  
No need have we to climb the heavenly stairs,  
And press our kisses on His feet and hands;  
In every man that suffers, He, the Man of Sorrows, stands!  
*Author Unknown*

### For a Materialist

I know your barren belief — that a rose will grow  
From what was once the miracle of a man;  
That only in this wise shall we thwart the grave;  
Believe, my friend, and be satisfied, if you can.

But I have a mystical hunger, so great and intense  
That only Almighty God with a purpose would fill  
My fragile shell with its poignant immensity —  
A hunger to find, emerging from death, that I still  
Am the sum of myself! myself, to aspire and climb  
Some further and undreamed slope of the range of Time.

I have faith that I shall. Is a rose worth the patience of Him  
Who evolved through the aeons a man and endowed him  
with soul?  
Would He who created the splendor of spirit and mind  
Envisage a sweet-scented waft as its trivial goal?  
*Adelaide P. Love*

Love's Strength

Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;  
Not by the wine drunk, but wine poured forth;  
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;  
And whoso suffers most hath most to give.

*H. E. H. King*

Song of the Silent Land

Into the Silent Land!  
Ah! who shall lead us thither?  
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,  
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.  
Who leads us with a gentle hand  
Thither, Oh, thither,  
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!  
To you, ye boundless regions  
Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions  
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!  
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,  
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms  
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!  
For all the broken-hearted  
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,  
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand  
To lead us with a gentle hand  
To the land of the great Departed,  
Into the Silent Land!

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

From the German



## Diogenes

A hut, and a tree,  
And a hill for me,  
And a piece of a weedy meadow.  
I'll ask no thing,  
Of God or king,  
But to clear away his shadow.

*Max Eastman*

## A Knight of Bethlehem

There was a Knight of Bethlehem whose wealth was tears  
and sorrows;  
His Men-at-arms were little lambs, His Trumpeters were  
sparrows;  
His castle was a wooden cross, whereon He hung so high;  
His helmet was a crown of thorns, whose crest did touch  
the sky.

*Henry Neville Maughan*

## There Was a Child Went Forth

There was a child went forth every day;  
And the first object he looked upon, the object he became;  
And that object became part of him for the day, or a certain  
part of the day, or for many years, or stretching cycles  
of years:  
The early lilacs became part of this child;

. . . . .

And the apple-trees covered with blossoms, and the fruit  
afterward, and wood-berries, and the commonest weeds  
by the road;

And the old drunkard staggering home from the outhouse of  
the tavern, whence he had lately risen,  
And the schoolmistress that passed on her way to the school;  
. . . . .

The blow, the quick loud word, the tight bargain, the crafty  
lure,  
The family usages, the language, the company, the furniture  
— the yearning and swelling heart;  
. . . . .

The doubts of day-time and the doubts of night-time — the  
curious whether and how,  
Whether that which appears so is so, or is it all flashes and  
specks?

Men and women crowding fast in the streets — if they are  
not flashes and specks, what are they?

These became part of that child who went forth every day,  
and who now goes, and will always go forth every day.

*Walt Whitman*

### Prayer of the Unemployed

Lord, I do not ask for houses of steel,  
Nor houses built of stone;  
But for the exultation to feel  
The tug on muscle and bone.

Not for wealth or men at my commands,  
Nor peace when I am through —  
I only ask work for these hands,  
Work for these hands to do.

*Raymond Kresensky*

### What Shall Endure?

Great roads the Romans built that men might meet,  
And walls to keep strong men apart — secure.  
Now centuries have gone, and in defeat  
The walls are fallen, but the roads endure.

*Ethelyn M. Hartwich*

### God Hide the Whole World in Thy Heart

Behind thee leave thy merchandise,  
Thy churches and thy charities;  
And leave thy peacock wit behind;  
Enough for thee the primal mind  
That flows in streams, that breathes in wind;  
Leave all thy pedant lore apart;  
God hide the whole world in thy heart.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

From "Woodnotes"

### The Law of Love

Then was earth made anew where'er He went,  
For all men's hearts were opened to the Light,  
And Christ was King, and Lord Omnipotent.

And everywhere men's hearts turned unto Him  
As to the very source and fount of Right,  
As flowers turn to the sun, and everywhere  
New Life sprang up to greet Him as He went  
Dispensing grace to all men everywhere.  
And His dispensèd grace changed all men's hearts,  
Made His will theirs, and their wills wholly His;

So that they strove no more each for himself,  
But each for good of all, and all for Him;  
Man's common aim was for the common good;  
The age-old feuds were of the past,  
And all mankind joined hands at last  
In common brotherhood.

. . . . .

And every man in all the whole wide world  
Had room, and time, and wherewithal to live  
His life at fullest full within the Law —  
The Law that has no bounds or bonds for those  
Who live it, for it is His Love, —  
The great unchanged, unchanging, and unchangeable  
Law whose beginning and whose end is — Love.

*John Oxenham*

From "Chaos, and the Way Out"

### Let All the Earth Keep Silence

How lovely is the silence of green, growing things —  
Orchard blossoms, apple, plum, and pear,  
Branches laden down by fruit they bear,  
Fields of everlasting, creeping vine,  
Mountain-forest, hemlock, balsam, pine,  
Gentian, asters, sweet-fern on the hill,  
All praise Him in their beauty — keeping still.

*Lucy A. K. Adee*

### Unquestioning

He who bends to himself a joy  
Does the winged life destroy:  
But he who kisses the joy as it flies  
Lives in eternity's sunrise.

*William Blake*

### The House of the Trees

Ope your doors and take me in,  
Spirit of the wood,  
Wash me clean of dust and din,  
Clothe me in your mood.

Take me from the noisy light  
To the sunless peace,  
Where at mid-day standeth Night  
Signing Toil's release.

All your dusky twilight stores  
To my senses give;  
Take me in and lock the doors,  
Show me how to live.

Lift your leafy roof for me,  
Part your yielding walls:  
Let me wander lingeringly  
Through your scented halls.

Ope your doors and take me in,  
Spirit of the wood;  
Take me — make me next of kin  
To your leafy brood.

*Ethelyn Wetherald*

### Rhythm

Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,  
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,  
But it curves the bow of beauty there,  
And the ripples in rhyme the oar forsake.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

To Young Dreamers

Above dark cities build  
 Your tall, impossible towers,  
 Imperious towers of faith  
 Built perilously high,  
 And gather your dreams like clusters  
 Of strange, bewildering flowers  
 From the star-bright ledges  
 Of the wide, impossible sky!

*Lucia Trent*

The Indwelling God

Go not, my soul, in search of Him;  
 Thou wilt not find Him there —  
 Or in the depths of shadow dim,  
 Or heights of upper air.

For not in far-off realms of space  
 The spirit hath its throne;  
 In every heart it findeth place  
 And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought  
 And soul with soul hath kin;  
 For outward God he findeth not,  
 Who finds not God within.

And if the visions come to thee  
 Revealed by inward sign,  
 Earth will be full of Deity  
 And with His glory shine.

Thou shalt not want for company,  
Nor pitch thy tent alone;  
The Indwelling God will go with thee,  
And show thee of His own.

Oh, gift of gifts, Oh, grace of grace,  
That God should condescend  
To make thy heart His dwelling-place,  
And be thy daily friend!

Then go not thou in search of Him,  
But to thyself repair;  
Wait thou within the silence dim  
And thou shalt find Him there.

*Frederick Lucian Hosmer*

### Eternal Good

Eternal Good which overlies  
The sorrow of the world, Love which outlives  
All sin and wrong, Compassion which forgives  
To the uttermost, and Justice whose clear eyes  
Through lapse and failure look to the intent,  
And judge our failure by the life we meant.

*John Greenleaf Whittier*

From "Eventide"

### The Goal

What were life,  
Did soul stand still therein, forego her strife  
Through the ambiguous Present to the goal  
Of some all-reconciling Future!

*Robert Browning*

From "Gerard de Lairese"

### He Who Ascends to Mountain-Tops

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find  
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;  
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,  
Must look down on the hate of those below.  
Though high above the sun of glory glow,  
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,  
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow  
Contending tempests on his naked head.  
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

*George Gordon Byron*

### Release

Do not fear  
And do not grieve for me,  
I shall not die:  
I am like the forest oak  
That summer suns have seasoned;  
My body will be a little heap of ash  
Upon the hearth,  
But I shall rise in flame,  
In flame that leaps and soars  
And seeks the stars.

Do not fear  
And do not weep, my dear,  
When Death stoops down to light the fire.

*Jean Grigsby Paxton*



### I Accept

I shall go out as all men go,  
Spent flickers in a mighty wind,  
Then I shall know, as all must know,  
What lies the great gray veil behind.

There may be nothing but a deep  
And timeless void without a name  
Where no sun hangs, no dead stars sleep,  
And there is neither night nor flame.

There may be meadows there and hills,  
Mountains and plains and winds that blow,  
And flowers bending over rills  
Springing from an eternal snow.

There may be oceans white with foam  
And great tall ships for hungry men  
Who called our little salt seas home  
And burn to launch their keels again.

There may be voices I have known,  
Cool fingers that have touched my hair.  
There may be hearts that were my own, —  
Love may abide forever there.

Who knows? Who needs to understand  
If there be shadows there, or more,  
To live as though a pleasant land  
Lay just beyond an open door?

*Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer*

*From The Battle of Blenheim*

Now tell us what 'twas all about,  
Young Peterkin, he cries,  
And little Wilhelmine looks up  
With wonder-waiting eyes;  
Now tell us all about the war  
And what they killed each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,  
That put the French to rout;  
But what they kill'd each other for,  
I could not well make out.  
But everybody said, quoth he,  
That 'twas a famous victory.

*Robert Southey*

*The Lament of the Voiceless*

"Wars are to be," they say, they blindly say,  
Nor strive to end them. Had we eyes to see  
The ghosts that walk across the fields of slain,  
We might behold by each boy soldier's corpse  
An endless line who mourn his fateful doom.

"Who are you?" asking, we might hear these words:  
"We are the men and women not to be,  
Because the father of our line was slain,  
Cut off untimely. Brave he was and strong;  
His heritage were ours had he not been  
The food of slaughter in a wanton war."

Boy soldier, sleep, by fireside loved ones mourned;  
By neighbor comrades, half ashamed of life,  
When death claims him who went that they might stay.

Boy soldier, sleep; if ever these forget,  
You still are mourned by that long line unborn,  
Who might have been but for the waste of war.  
They mourn for you, your sons who never were.

*Laura Bell Everett*

### Fidele

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!  
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee!  
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee!  
 Nothing ill come near thee!  
 Quiet consummation have;  
 And renownèd be thy grave!

*William Shakespeare*

From "Cymbeline"

[A favorite poem of Abraham Lincoln]

### As the Sculptor

As the sculptor devotes himself to wood and stone  
 I would devote myself to the living soul.  
 But I am solemnized by the thought that the sculptor cannot  
     carve  
 Either on wood, or on stone, or on the living soul,  
 Anything better than himself.  
 All the lines of my carving  
 Will but reveal my own portrait.  
 Gazing at my hand, at my chisel, I shudder.  
 How long will it take for this human sculpture,  
 Which can not be carved by me better, finer than my own  
     soul,  
 To escape! To escape from my pitiable and limited  
     domain,  
 And to advance to the position of a carving of God?

Happily, there is a Guide for me.  
 It is He who has broken open the door of the Sanctuary  
 And made a molten cast of God's Portrait on His own flesh.

*Toyohiko Kagawa*

### The Splendor Falls

The splendor falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story:  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens reply:  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river:  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.  
*Alfred Tennyson*

### Vitae Lampada

There's a breathless hush in the Close tonight —  
Ten to make and the match to win —  
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,  
An hour to play and the last man in.  
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,  
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,  
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote —  
“ Play up! play up! and play the game! ”

The sand of the desert is sodden red —  
 Red with the wreck of a square that broke; —  
 The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,  
 And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.  
 The river of death has brimmed his banks,  
 And England's far, and Honor a name,  
 But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:  
 " Play up! play up! and play the game! "

This is the word that year by year,  
 While in her place the school is set,  
 Every one of her sons must hear,  
 And none that hears it dare forget.  
 This they all with joyful mind  
 Bear through life like a torch in flame,  
 And falling fling to the host behind —  
 " Play up! play up! and play the game! "

*Sir Henry Newbolt*

### Mourn Not the Dead

Mourn not the dead that in the cool earth lie —  
 Dust unto dust —  
 The calm sweet earth that mothers all who die  
 As all men must;  
 Mourn not your captured comrades who must dwell —  
 Too strong to strive —  
 Each in his steel-bound coffin of a cell,  
 Buried alive;  
 But rather mourn the apathetic throng —  
 The cowed and the meek —  
 Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong  
 And dare not speak!

*Ralph Chaplin*

### We Are Never Old

Spring still makes spring in the mind  
When sixty years are told;  
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,  
And we are never old;  
Over the winter glaciers  
I see the summer glow,  
And through the wild-piled snowdrift  
The warm rosebuds below.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

From "The World-Soul"

### Discovery

I have found God on a high hill alone, alone,  
On Lookout Mountain with Chattanooga far beneath me,  
And above the Grand Canyon where waters hide in rock.  
I have seen God as I sat on a park bench  
Watching the flaming colors of the sunset,  
And a red bird sang above me —  
In the wideness of Dakota prairies —  
At the foot of the lagoon where the Lincoln Memorial  
Puts its feet in heaven — at the feet of Lincoln alone.

I have seen God in the corner of a mountain cabin  
Where a small girl sang ballads  
And her mother wept in loneliness.  
I have seen God when my own mother  
Sat beside the coffin of her son,  
A young man killed by war.  
I saw God in her old hands fumbling a German Bible,  
And Jesus smiling to see two enemies at peace there.

I have seen God in the fellowship  
All men bear with grief and pain —  
The agnostic lifting the weary hands of the pilgrim,  
The Christian binding the blasphemer's wounds.

I have seen God in beauty unspeakable  
Of hills and sunsets — in the works of men —  
Beauty like a sharp pain.  
I have seen God with men, humanly alone.

*Raymond Kresensky*

### The Back of God

I prayed to see the face of God,  
Illumined by the central suns  
Turning in their ancient track;  
But what I saw was not His face at all —  
I saw His bent figure on a windy hill,  
Carrying a double load upon His back.

*J. R. Perkins*

### In Prison

I know not whether Laws be right,  
Or whether Laws be wrong;  
All that we know who lie in jail  
Is that the wall is strong;  
And that each day is like a year,  
A year whose days are long.

But this I know, that every Law  
That men have made for Man,  
Since first Man took his brother's life,  
And this sad world began,  
But straws the wheat and saves the chaff  
With a most evil fan.



This too I know — and wise it were  
If each could know the same —  
That every prison that men build  
Is built with bricks of shame,  
And bound with bars lest Christ should see  
How men their brothers maim.

*Oscar Wilde*

From "The Ballad of Reading Gaol"

### Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.  
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:  
Then, heigh-ho! the holly!  
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
Thou dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not.  
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:  
Then, heigh-ho! the holly!  
This life is most jolly!

*William Shakespeare*

## Strength

Ask of your soul this question, What is strength?  
 Is it to slay ten thousand with the sword?  
 To steal at midnight Gaza's brazen gates?  
 To raze a temple on a heathen horde?

Or, in a garden drenched with evening dew  
 And bloody sweat, to pray beside a stone?  
 Defend a sinner from self-righteous priests?  
 Bear up to Calvary a cross, alone?

*Jessie Wilmore Murton*

## Young Lincoln

Men saw no portents on that winter night  
 A hundred years ago. No omens flared  
 Above that trail-built cabin with one door,  
 And windowless to all the peering stars.  
 They laid him in the hollow of a log,  
 Humblest of cradles, save that other one —  
 The manger in the stall at Bethlehem.

No portents! Yet with whisper and alarm  
 The Evil Powers that dread the nearing feet  
 Of heroes, held a council in that hour;  
 And sent three fates to darken that low door,  
 To baffle and beat back the heaven-sent child.  
 Three were the fates — gaunt Poverty that chains,  
 Gray Drudgery that grinds the hope away,  
 And gaping Ignorance that starves the soul.

They came with secret laughters to destroy.  
Ever they dogged him, counting every step,  
Waylaid his youth and struggled for his life.  
They came to master but he made them serve;  
And from the wrestle with the destinies,  
He rose with all his energies aglow.  
For God upon whose steadfast shoulders rest  
These governments of ours, had not forgot.  
He needed for his purposes a voice,  
A voice to be a clarion on the wind,  
Crying the word of freedom to dead hearts,  
The word that centuries had waited for.

So hidden in the West, God shaped his man.  
There in the unspoiled solitude he grew,  
Unwarped by culture and uncramped by creed;  
Keeping his course courageous and alone,  
As goes the Mississippi to the sea.  
His daring spirit burst the narrow bounds,  
Rose resolute; and like the sea-called stream,  
He tore new channels where he found no way.  
His tools were his first teachers, sternly kind.  
The plow, the scythe, the maul, the echoing ax  
Taught him their homely wisdom and their peace.  
He had the plain man's genius — common sense;  
Yet rage for knowledge drove his mind afar;  
He fed his spirit with the bread of books,  
And slaked his thirst at all the wells of thought.

But most he read the heart of common man,  
Scanned all its secret pages stained with tears,  
Saw all the guile, saw all the piteous pain;  
And yet could keep the smile about his lips,

Love and forgive, see all and pardon all;  
His only fault, the fault that some of old  
Laid even on God — that he was ever wont  
To bend the law to let his mercy out.

*Edwin Markham*

### Gold

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!  
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled;  
Heavy to get, and light to hold;  
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,  
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;  
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old  
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;  
Price of many a crime untold;  
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!  
Good or bad, a thousand-fold!  
How widely its agencies vary!  
To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless,  
As even its minted coins express!  
Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,  
And now of a Bloody Mary!

*Thomas Hood*

### My Country

My country is the world; I count  
No son of man my foe,  
Whether the warm life-currents mount  
And mantle brows like snow  
Or red or yellow, brown or black,  
The face that into mine looks back.

My native land is Mother Earth,  
And all men are my kin,  
Whether of rude or gentle birth,  
However steeped in sin;  
Or rich, or poor, or great, or small,  
I count them brothers, one and all.

My birthplace is no spot apart,  
I claim no town nor State;  
Love hath a shrine in every heart,  
And wheresoe'r men mate  
To do the right and say the truth,  
Love evermore renews her youth.

My flag is the star-spangled sky,  
Woven without a seam,  
Where dawn and sunset colors lie,  
Fair as an angel's dream;  
The flag that still, unstained, untorn,  
Floats over all of mortal born.

My party is all humankind,  
My platform brotherhood;  
I count all men of honest mind  
Who work for human good,  
And for the hope that gleams afar,  
My comrades in this holy war.

My heroes are the great and good  
Of every age and clime,  
Too often mocked, misunderstood,  
And murdered in their time,  
But spite of ignorance and hate  
Known and exalted soon or late.

My country is the world; I scorn  
No lesser love than mine,  
But calmly wait that happy morn  
When all shall own this sign,  
And love of country as of clan,  
Shall yield to worldwide love of man.

*Robert Whitaker*

### Incident

Once riding in old Baltimore,  
Heart-filled, head-filled with glee,  
I saw a Baltimorean  
Keep looking straight at me.

Now I was eight and very small,  
And he was no whit bigger,  
And so I smiled, but he poked out  
His tongue, and called me, "Nigger."

I saw the whole of Baltimore  
From May until December;  
Of all the things that happened there  
That's all that I remember.

*Countee Cullen*

### At the Place of the Sea

Have you come to the Red Sea place in your life,  
Where, in spite of all you can do,  
There is no way out, there is no way back,  
There is no other way but through?  
Then wait on the Lord, with a trust serene,  
Till the night of your fear is gone;  
He will send the winds, He will heap the floods,  
When He says to your soul, "Go on!"

And His hand shall lead you through,  
Ere the watery walls roll down;  
No wave can touch you, no foe can smite,  
No mightiest sea can drown.  
The tossing billows may rear their crests,  
Their foam at your feet may break,  
But over their bed you shall walk dry-shod  
In the path that your Lord shall make.

In the morning watch, 'neath the lifted cloud,  
You shall see but the Lord alone.  
When He leads you forth from the place of the sea,  
To a land that you have not known;  
And your fears shall pass as your foes have passed,  
You shall no more be afraid;  
You shall sing His praise in a better place,  
In a place that His hand hath made.

*Annie Johnson Flint*

### *From King Cotton*

The mills of Lancashire grind very small,  
The mills of Lancashire grind very great,  
And small and great alike are passing poor,  
Too poor to read the writing of their fate.

It is a kingdom knows an awful rule,  
It is a kingdom of a direful plan,  
Where old and young are thrown to the machine,  
And no man dreams machines were made for man.

*Sir Leo Money*

### The Life to Come

There is a City where God's happy children  
Shall tread forever burnished floors, they say,  
But I shall beg to walk in Oxford meadows  
Where dance the golden flowers of May.

I cannot dream of walls upbuilt of jasper,  
Nor can the gates of pearl the heart suffice:  
Who once beholds the rainbows in the dewdrop  
Has seen a pearl of greater price.

And when the harpers in that land are making  
Strange melodies on earth unheard before,  
If I might only hear once more Beethoven,  
Then I should ask of God no more.

*Edward Shillito*

### At Last

When on my day of life the night is falling,  
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;  
O Love Divine, O Helper ever-present,  
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting;  
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.



I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if — my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace —  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place.

*John Greenleaf Whittier*

### Build a Fence of Trust

Build a little fence of trust  
Around today;  
Fill the space with loving work  
And therein stay.

Look not through the shelt'ring bars  
Upon tomorrow;  
God will help thee bear what comes  
Of joy or sorrow.

*Mary F. Butts*

### The Flag of Peace

Men long have fought for their flying flags,  
They have died those flags to save;  
Their long staves rest on the shattered breast,  
They are planted deep in the grave.  
Now the world's new flag is streaming wide,  
Far-flying wide and high.  
It shall cover the earth from side to side  
As the rainbow rings the sky.

The flag of the day when men shall stand  
For service, not for fight;  
When every race, in every land,  
Shall join for the world's delight;  
When all our flags shall blend in one,  
And all our wars shall cease,  
'Neath the new flag, the true flag,  
The rainbow flag of peace.

*Charlotte Perkins Gilman*

### Forbearance

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?  
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?  
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?  
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?  
And loved so well a high behavior,  
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,  
Nobility more nobly to repay?  
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

### The Greatest Work

He built a house; time laid it in the dust;  
He wrote a book, its title now forgot;  
He ruled a city, but his name is not  
On any table graven, or where rust  
Can gather from disuse, or marble bust.  
He took a child from out a wretched cot,  
Who on the state dishonor might have brought,  
And reared him to the Christian's hope and trust.

The boy, to manhood grown, became a light  
To many souls, and preached for human need  
The wondrous love of the Omnipotent.  
The work has multiplied like stars at night  
When darkness deepens; every noble deed  
Lasts longer than a granite monument.

*Author Unknown*

### Love and Life

Oh, Love and Death go ever hand in hand,  
For poison lurks within the magic cup  
That Love to thirsty lips is lifting up;  
And those who tread the heavenly heights must stand  
Upon a dizzy verge. Love's stern command  
Summons to battle, wounds, and sudden death;  
No languorous whisper borne on perfumed breath,  
But ringing call to dare by sea and land.  
But Love brings every gift of joy and grace,  
Lightens the darkness, gives new life for old,  
And touches all things with her mystic wand,  
Like Midas turning all base things to gold,  
Making a temple every common place.  
For Love and Life go ever hand in hand.

*Winifred Ernest Garrison*

### The Cry of the Age

What shall I do to be just?  
What shall I do for the gain  
Of the world — for its sadness?  
Teach me, O Seers that I trust!  
Chart me the difficult main  
Leading me out of my sorrow and madness;  
Preach me out of the purging of pain.

Shall I wrench from my finger the ring  
 To cast to the tramp at my door?  
 Shall I tear off each luminous thing  
 To drop in the palm of the poor?  
 What shall I do to be just?  
 Teach me, O Ye in the light,  
 Whom the poor and the rich alike trust:  
 My heart is aflame to be right.

*Hamlin Garland*

### The Women Toilers

I saw them from our car today,  
 As I was passing by —  
 The women toilers!  
 Mexican, Negro, white,  
 Working in the cotton fields  
 From dawn of day till night.  
 I wonder what the recompense  
 Of toil like theirs —  
 Fulfillment, joy, sweet peace?  
 Or just the dull despair  
 Of aching weariness,  
 That never knows surcease?

I wonder, oh, I wonder how  
 In God's great plan,  
 I shall make restitution for  
 The joy, the ease, the time  
 Spent in such idle ways,  
 When these must wilt  
 Out in the hot sun's blaze.  
 At night I see them  
 When I try to pray;

God help them to be kind  
When they shall think of me,  
Beloved, rested, gay —  
As I was passing by their fields today!

*Grace Bowen Evans*

### Men Have Forged

He wrote in the sand . . . the wind-blown sands  
And the woman wept afresh,  
But not a stone from the hundred hands  
Was cast to bruise her flesh.

Not a deadly missile was sent  
And the mob in twos and fours  
Dispersed and down the street they went  
Or gossiped in the doors.

The brave Christ blotted out the sign  
Of all her sin and lust;  
Obliterated each thin line  
Traced in the roadside dust.

Later such mobs used spears to kill:  
Lances and spikes and gall —  
A wooden cross on a lonely hill  
With a black sky over all.

But men have forged these modern days  
New things for bringing pain  
And they are skilled in all the ways  
To grave sins deep and plain.

They cut their neighbor's faults in flint,  
 Never in drifting silt,  
 And how they love the tinny glint  
 Of scabbard and of hilt.

*Jay G. Sigmund*

### That Which Made Us

Only That which made us, meant us to be mightier by  
 and by,  
 Set the sphere of all the boundless Heavens within the  
 human eye,

Sent the shadow of Himself, the boundless, through the  
 human soul;  
 Boundless inward, in the atom, boundless outward, in the  
 whole.

*Alfred Tennyson*

### Till We Have Built Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time  
 Walk upon England's mountain green?  
 And was the holy Lamb of God  
 On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the countenance divine  
 Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
 And was Jerusalem builded here  
 Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
 Bring me my arrows of desire!  
 Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!  
 Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

*William Blake*

From "The Prophetic Book Milton"

### Our Country

To all who hope for Freedom's gleam  
Across the warring years,  
Who offer life to build a dream  
In laughter or in tears,  
To all who toil, unmarked, unknown,  
By city, field or sea,  
I give my heart, I reach my hand,  
A common hope, a common land  
Is made of you and me.

For we have loved her summer dawns  
Beyond the misty hill,  
And we have shared her toil, her fruit  
Of farm and shop and mill.  
Our weaknesses have made her shame,  
Our strength has built her powers,  
And we have hoped and we have striven  
That to her children might be given  
A fairer world than ours.

We dreamed to hold her safe, apart  
From strife; the dream was vain.  
Her heart is now earth's bleeding heart,  
She shares the whole earth's pain.

To men oppressed in all the lands  
 One flashing hope has gone,  
 One vision wide as earth appears,  
 We seek, across the warring years,  
 The gray world's golden dawn.

*Anna Louise Strong*

### Refusal

"Here is my heart; it's clean.  
 I give it, Lord, to Thee."  
 And then I saw God plainly  
 Turn aside from me.

"I do not want your heart,  
 Closed tightly to other men.  
 Open it up, my child,  
 And return it to me again."

*Raymond Kresensky*

### Death in Life

He always said he would retire  
 When he had made a million clear,  
 And so he toiled into the dusk  
 From day to day, from year to year.

At last he put his ledgers up  
 And laid his stock reports aside —  
 But when he started out to live  
 He found he had already died.

*Author Unknown*



## Horizons

Who harbors Hatred, sees a small  
And closing cincture hold him thrall.

Who glooming Envy entertains,  
Has narrowing sky-lines for his pains.

Who makes perpetual friend of Doubt,  
Marks dwarfing vistas round about.

But he whose bosom Love hath found,  
Is by no cramped horizons bound.

*Clinton Scollard*

## The Unknown Soldier

I — They look so solemn and fine. Who are they?

MYSELF — The best known have come to honor the unknown.

I — Why do they honor him?

MYSELF — He represents the millions to whom they are indebted for victory.

I — Do they think so highly of them?

MYSELF — They bow to the majesty of the common man.

I — Then, if another conflict threatens, will they ask the common people, the Unknown, whether they want war?

MYSELF — Look at those beautiful flowers.

I — The boys on the farms and in the mills?

MYSELF — Hush. Listen to the oratory.

I — Will they ask the mothers, the unknown mothers?

MYSELF — Ah, the music.

*Arthur B. Rhinow*

### Carry On!

They have not fought in vain, our dead  
Who sleep amid the poppies red:  
Their plea, attested with their blood,  
By all the world is understood.

They fought for peace, as now do we;  
Their conflict was for liberty,  
For freedom from the blight of war —  
And is that still worth fighting for?

We strive no longer men in arms;  
We fight not, stirred by war's alarms;  
We vow to seal our broken past  
With fellowship and friendship fast.

By those who faced the battling years  
Let earth forget her warlike fears,  
That Freedom, idol of our sires,  
May pledge to all her sacred fires.

*Thomas Curtis Clark*

### Discovery

I am tired of city sounds,  
And streets of questing faces —  
Give me, for a swift, sweet hour,  
Little lonely places!

Though I want the city ere  
This golden silence passes,  
I have loved and looked upon  
Sky — and hills — and grasses.

I have walked with God again  
In little lonely places . . .  
I shall find His face again  
In streets of questing faces!

*Catherine Parmenter*

### Dedication

We dedicate a church today.  
Lord Christ, I pray  
Within the sound of its great bell  
There is no mother who must hold  
Her baby close against the cold —  
So only have we served Thee well;  
The wind blows sharp, the snow lies deep.  
If we shall keep  
Thy hungry ones, and sore distressed,  
From pain and hardship, then may we  
Know we have builded unto Thee,  
And that each spire and arch is blest.

Lord Christ, grant we may consecrate  
To Thee this church we dedicate.

*Ethel Arnold Tilden*

### The Sea Gypsy

I am fevered with the sunset,  
I am fretful with the bay,  
For the wander-thirst is on me  
And my soul is in Cathay.

There's a schooner in the offing,  
 With her topsails shot with fire,  
 And my heart has gone aboard her  
 For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again tomorrow!  
 With the sunset I must be  
 Hull down on the trail of rapture  
 In the wonder of the Sea.

*Richard Hovey*

### The Anodyne

In the late evening, when the house is still,  
 For an intense instant,  
 I lift my clean soul out of the soiled garments of mortality.  
 No sooner is it free to rise than it bends back earthward  
 And touches mortal life with hands like the hands that  
 troubled the waters of Bethesda.  
 So this incorruptible touches the corrupt;  
 This immortal cools with a touch  
 The beaded forehead of mortality.

*Sarah N. Cleghorn*

### The Man From Sangamon, at Gettysburg

I am a man who knew Abe Lincoln well;  
 We logged together on the Sangamon.  
 Abe was a thinker then, we noticed that;  
 Noticed the way he used to go apart  
 And watch the sunset flush the western sky  
 Until the river seemed a thing of flame.  
 Abe would sit there, a little off from us,  
 The soft wind blowing his unruly locks,

His face alight with deep, unspoken dreams.  
It was as if he visioned the long way  
His great, gaunt frame would one day have to go;  
As if he heard the distant roar of war.  
I have seen tears start in Abe Lincoln's eyes  
And run unheeded down his wind-bronzed cheeks  
Even as long ago as those old days  
When we were logging on the Sangamon.

After the day's hard work we would sit there,  
Lost in the wild, still beauty of the place;  
(I can recall the smell of early spring  
That settled on the river after dark);  
Would sit and watch the stars come slowly out  
And hear the water lap against our boat  
And lose ourselves in quietness and sleep.  
But Lincoln would sit on, deep in his thoughts.  
One day we saw a slave sold on the bank:  
That night Abe Lincoln's heavy brows were knit  
In troubled thought. That night  
He did not close his brooding eyes,  
But sat there thinking till the morning sun  
Turned the pale sky into a flood of light.

Today, when I stood there at Gettysburg,  
And saw that figure that I knew and loved  
Take its quiet place —  
How can I put in words  
The thoughts that surged so swiftly through my heart?  
This was the man I knew so well and long —  
This man who spoke such simple, tender words —  
Truths that would root and grow and bear much fruit!

Somehow, when he had finished, I ran forth  
 And caught his great hand close within my own:  
 "Abe!" I cried, huskily. "You know me, Abe?"  
 There, in the great crowd, he leaned on my arm.  
 Tears of delight were on his homely face.  
 "It is as if," he told me, brokenly,  
 "The years of war and horror were wiped out  
 And we were on the Sangamon again.  
 My heart has hungered after you, my friend."

That was Lincoln, the friend of all the world.

*Eleanor G. R. Young*

### *From Prometheus Unbound*

*(Demogorgon speaking)*

This is the day, which down the void abyss  
 At the Earth-born's spell yawns for Heaven's despotism,  
 And Conquest is dragged captive through the deep:  
 Love, from its awful throne of patient power  
 In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour  
 Of dead endurance, from the slippery, steep,  
 And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs  
 And folds over the world its healing wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,  
 These are the seals of that most firm assurance  
 Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength;  
 And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,  
 Mother of many acts and hours, should free

The serpent that would clasp her with his length;  
 These are the spells by which to reassume  
 An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;  
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;  
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;  
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates  
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;  
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;  
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be  
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;  
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

### The Temple

I dreamed,  
That stone by stone I reared a sacred fane,  
A temple, neither pagod, mosque nor church,  
But simpler, loftier,  
Always open doored to every breath from heaven,  
And truth, and peace, and love and justice came and dwelt  
therein.

*Alfred Tennyson*

### In Defense of Youth

We call them wrong! God pity us, the blind,  
Imputing evil as our grandsires did,  
When we explored new realms with feet and mind,  
Uncovering what old fogies damned and hid!  
The dreams, the wanton fantasies are there,  
As you and I once knew them, loved them, till  
We came to staleness and to foolish fear  
Lest something change, be different, jolt our will!

'Tis life they seek, not sin, no sordid thing,  
But joy in health and beauty, and in all  
The urge of thrilling bodies that would sing  
And freely dance with laughter at earth's call.  
Let's laugh with them, full knowing that when tried  
By Truth and Duty, Youth is on God's side!

*Robbins Wolcott Barstow*

### The Burden

To every one on earth  
God gives a burden, to be carried down  
The road that lies between the cross and crown.  
No lot is wholly free:  
He giveth one to thee.

Some carry it aloft,  
Open and visible to any eyes;  
And all may see its form and weight and size.  
Some hide it in their breast,  
And deem it there unguessed.

Thy burden is God's gift,  
And it will make the bearer calm and strong;  
Yet, lest it press too heavily and long,  
He says, Cast it on Me,  
And it shall easy be.

And those who heed His voice,  
And seek to give it back in trustful prayer,  
Have quiet hearts that never can despair;  
And hope lights up the way  
Upon the darkest day.



Take thou thy burden thus  
Into thy hands, and lay it at His feet;  
And, whether it be sorrow or defeat  
Or pain or sin or care,  
Just leave it calmly there.

It is the lonely road  
That crushes out the life and light of Heaven;  
But, born with Him, the soul, restored, forgiven,  
Sings out, through all the days,  
Her joy and God's high praise.

*Marianne Farningham Hearn*

### *From The Angel-Thief*

So as from year to year we count our treasure,  
Our loss seems less, and larger look our gains;  
Time's wrongs repaid in more than even measure —  
We lose our jewels, but we break our chains.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

### *Memorial Day*

I heard a cry in the night from a far-flung host,  
From a host that sleeps through the years the last long sleep,  
By the Meuse, by the Marne, in the Argonne's shattered  
• wood,  
In a thousand rose-thronged churchyards through our land.  
Sleeps! Do they sleep! I know I heard their cry,  
Shrilling along the night like a trumpet blast:

"We died," they cried, "for a dream. Have ye forgot?  
We dreamed of a world reborn whence wars had fled,  
Where swords were broken in pieces and guns were rust,  
Where the poor man dwelt in quiet, the rich in peace,  
And children played in the streets, joyous and free.  
We thought we could sleep content in a task well done;  
But the rumble of guns rolls over us, iron upon iron  
Sounds from the forge where are fashioned guns anew;

"New fleets spring up in new seas, and under the wave  
Stealthy new terrors swarm, with emboweled death.  
Fresh cries of hate ring out loud from the demagogue's  
throat,  
While greed reaches out afresh to grasp new lands.  
Have we died in vain? Is our dream denied?  
You men who live on the earth we bought with our woe,  
Will ye stand idly by while they shape new wars,  
Or will ye rise, who are strong, to fulfill our dream,  
To silence the demagogue's voice, to crush the fools  
Who play with blood-stained toys that crowd new graves?  
We call, we call in the night, will ye hear and heed? "

In the name of our dead will we hear? Will we grant them  
sleep?

*William E. Brooks*

### Beyond the Horizon

When men go down to the sea in ships,  
'Tis not to the sea they go;  
Some isle or pole the mariners' goal,  
And thither they sail through calm and gale,  
When down to the sea they go.

When souls go down to the sea by ship,  
And the dark ship's name is Death,  
Why mourn and wail at the vanishing sail?  
Though outward bound, God's world is round,  
And only a ship is Death.

When I go down to the sea by ship,  
And Death unfurls her sail,  
Weep not for me, for there will be  
A living host on another coast  
To beckon and cry, " All hail! "

*Robert Freeman*

### Oh! Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,  
Be scattered around, and together be laid;  
And the young, and the old, and the low, and the high  
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,  
The mother that infant's affection who proved,  
The husband that infant and mother who blessed,  
Each, all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye  
Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by;  
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised  
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,  
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,  
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave  
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,  
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats to the steep,  
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,  
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of heaven,  
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven,  
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,  
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,  
That wither away, to let others succeed;  
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been,  
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;  
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun  
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,  
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink,  
To the life we are clinging our fathers would cling,  
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold,  
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;  
They grieved, but no voice from their slumbers may come;  
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died; aye, they died; and we, things that are now,  
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,  
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,  
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,  
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;  
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge  
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,  
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

*William Knox*

[A favorite poem of Abraham Lincoln]

### Give Me a Gentle Heart

Give me a gentle heart, that I may do  
Naught but the gentle thing my whole life through.  
Give me a heart as kind as hearts can be,  
That I may give before 'tis asked of me.  
Give me a watchful heart that shall divine  
The need of those whose hearts are dear to mine.  
Give me a heart where joy and sorrow wait  
To know what joy or sorrow is at my gate.

Give me a song, but not one to be known  
For loveliness, for loveliness alone.  
Give me a humble song whose sweetest strain  
Shall be for those whose hearts are mute in pain.

Give me a prayer, but save me lest I kneel  
For that which ministers to my own weal.  
Let me forget the highest gift I crave;  
Let me forget the deepest need I have.  
Grant, Lord, that every thought of self may be  
Lost in the selfless light of Calvary.

*Percy Thomas*

### Memories

Sometimes, when the grind of the city beats on my heart  
Like a brazen hammer with terrible blows,  
I think of a lost garden I knew in my boyhood,  
Filled with the scent of the rose.

And sometimes, when the clamor of life seems endless,  
And my soul is bowed with its weight of pain,  
I think of an old, still apple tree in blossom  
At the end of a hawthorn lane.

Oh, do not smile at such simple memories!  
They keep us young, they keep the man-heart right.  
And sometime we will all go back contented,  
To a Garden and a Tree in a place of light.

*Charles Hanson Towne*

### Death-Grapple

Man and the pitiless waters  
Fight man and the cavernous sea.  
The ocean is ready to fight all men  
In its stark immensity.  
Man against man, conspiring well,  
Can make of the sea and the land a hell.  
How long shall the carnage be?

*Laura Bell Everett*

## Good Friday

There was no glory on the hills that day;  
Only dark shame,  
And three stark crosses rearing at the sky.  
Only a whining wind,  
And jeering,  
And an anguished voice  
Crying forgiveness.

Then darkness fell.

We sit today in cushioned pews  
And for three hours we watch with Him,  
Singing and praying,  
Hearing quiet words.  
There is a gentle rustle as we move in and out,  
Too busy to stay long,  
Or else too tired  
To sit so long a time  
In cushioned pews.

We see a golden cross  
And pray to God  
That some day,  
In His own good time,  
The world may do His will.  
But we ourselves  
Have little time to help —  
Except to say a prayer  
On cushioned pews.

The golden cross is all aglow  
In candle flame.

It burns like flame.  
 Like flame it burns into my heart —  
 The golden cross has turned to fire  
 The candle glow —  
 Has set the cross on fire —  
 The burning cross up on the altar  
 Cries —  
 Cries out to me.  
 The flaming cross is burned into my heart!

The others have not seen.  
 There is the golden cross  
 And candle glow.

There was no glory on the hills that day;  
 But one stark cross  
 Against a vacant sky.

*Martha Provine Leach Turner*

### Dreams

I will not change my path with you,  
 O worshippers of gold!  
 My path is rough, but heaven-lit,  
 And yours is smooth, but cold.

In your resplendent halls each night  
 The ghost of envy strides,  
 While in the castle of my heart  
 The living God resides.

My heart is young, though youth is gone;  
 Your hearts in youth are old;  
 I will not change one golden dream  
 For all your dreams of gold.

*Philip M. Raskin*



### The Undying Soul

Yet howsoever changed or tost,  
Not even a wreath of mist is lost,  
No atom can itself exhaust.

So shall the soul's superior force  
Live on and run its endless course  
In God's unlimited universe.

*John Greenleaf Whittier*

Written on a Flyleaf of Longfellow's Poems

### The Captains of the Years

I watched the Captains  
A-riding, riding  
Down the years;  
The men of mystic grip  
Of soul, a-riding  
Between a hedge of spears.

I saw their banners  
A-floating, floating  
Over all,  
Till each of them had passed,  
And Christ came riding  
A donkey lean and small.

I watched the Captains  
A-turning, staring,  
Proud and set,  
At Christ a-riding there —  
So calmly riding  
The Road men can't forget.

I watched the Captains  
Dismounting, waiting —  
None now led —  
The Captains bowing low!  
The Caesars waiting!  
While Christ rode on ahead.

*Arthur Macdougall, Jr.*

### The New City

Have we seen her, The New City, O my brothers, where  
she stands,  
The superb, supreme creation of unnumbered human hands:  
The complete and sweet expression of unnumbered human  
souls,  
Bound by love to work together while their love their work  
controls;  
Built by brothers for their brothers, kept by sisters for their  
mates,  
Garlanded by happy children, playing free within the gates,  
Brooded by such mighty mothers as are born to lift us up  
Till we drink in full communion of God's wondrous "loving  
cup" ?

Clean and sightly are her pavements ringing sound beneath  
men's feet,  
Wide and ample are her forums where her citizens may meet,  
Fair and precious are her gardens where her youths and  
maidens dance  
In the fresh, pure air of Heaven, 'mid the flowers' ex-  
travagance.  
And her schools are as the ladders to the Spirit, from the  
Clay,

Leading, round by round, to labor, strengthened, side by side, with play,  
And her teachers are her bravest, and her governors her best,  
For she loves the little children she has nourished at her breast.

Never clangor of the trumpet, nor the hiss of bullets mad  
Breaks the music of her fountains, plashing seaward, flashing glad,  
For no excess and no squalor mark her fruitful, fair increase —  
She has wrought life's final glory in a miracle of peace,  
And her citizens live justly, without gluttony or need,  
And he strives to serve the city who has bread enough to feed  
All his own, and she must labor, who would hold an honored place  
With the women of the city in their dignity and grace.

Have ye seen her, O my brothers, The New City, where each hour  
Is a poet's revelation, or a hero's perfect power,  
Or an artist's new creation, or a laborer's new strength,  
Where a world of aspiration clings God by the feet, at length?  
Have ye seen her, The New City, in her glory? Ah, not yet  
Gilds the sun with actual splendor chimney top and minaret,  
But her site is surely purchased and her pattern is designed,  
And her blessed ways are visions for all striving humankind!

The New City, O my brothers, we ourselves shall never  
see —

She will gladden children's children into holy ecstasy —  
Let our lives be in the building! We shall lay us in the sod  
Happier, if our human travail builds their avenues to God!

*Marguerite Wilkinson*

### A Song of the Road

I lift my cap to Beauty,  
I lift my cap to Love;  
I bow before my Duty,  
And know that God's above!  
My heart through shining arches  
Of leaf and blossom goes;  
My soul, triumphant, marches  
Through life to life's repose.  
And I, through all this glory,  
Nor know, nor fear my fate —  
The great things are so simple,  
The simple are so great!

*Fred G. Bowles*

### Which Is Me?

Within my earthly temple there's a crowd:  
There's one of us that's humble, one that's proud,  
There's one that's broken-hearted for his sins,  
And one that unrepentant sits and grins,  
There's one that loves his neighbor as himself,  
And one that cares for naught but fame and pelf.  
From much perplexing care I would be free  
If I could once determine which is Me!

*Author Unknown*

### Prayer Hymn

Lord of all pots and pans and things, since I've no time to be  
A Saint by doing lovely things, or watching late with Thee,  
Or dreaming in the dawnlight, or storming Heaven's gates,  
Make me a saint by getting meals, and washing up the  
plates.

Although I must have Martha's hands, I have a Mary mind;  
And when I black the boots and shoes, Thy sandals, Lord,  
I find.

I think of how they trod the earth, what time I scrub the  
floor;

Accept this meditation, Lord, I haven't time for more.

Warm all the kitchen with Thy love, and light it with Thy  
peace;

Forgive me all my worrying, and make all grumbling cease.  
Thou Who didst love to give men food, in room, or by the  
sea,

Accept this service that I do — I do it unto Thee.

*M. K. H.*

### A Certain Rich Man

"Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor."

This was not said to all, so we are told,

But to one young man loaded down with gold,

Who heard Thee, and went sadly through the door.

Would it were so! Of this thing I am sure:

I must let go the riches that I fold

Against my breast. Lord, cut them from my hold.

In surgery alone can be my cure.

Gold I have none, but what I treasure most,  
That is my wealth: the thing that I must give.  
Easier goes camel through the needle's eye  
Than rich man into heaven. Be riches lost  
To me for ever that the poor may live,  
Lost lest the rich man empty-handed die.

*Theodore Maynard*

### City Trees

The trees along our city streets  
Are lovely, gallant things;  
Their roots lie deep in blackened soil,  
And yet they spread their wings

Of branching green or fretted twigs  
Beneath a sullen sky,  
And when the wind howls banshee-like  
They bow to passers-by.

In Fall their leaves are bannerets  
Of dusty red and gold  
And fires dim that warm our hearts  
Against the coming cold.

Then delicate through Winter's snow  
Each silhouette still makes  
Black filigree, with frostings rare  
Of silver powdered flakes.

But leafed or bare, they bravely rise  
With healing in their wings —  
The trees along our city streets  
Are lovely, gallant things.

*Vere Dargan*

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*Vere Dargan*



## At Carcassonne

Down the valleys of Languedoc,  
Where the ghosts of knights and troubadours flock,  
Hiding by day and riding by night,  
When the road in the moonlight is silvery white —  
So we journeyed on and on  
Up to the Cité of Carcassonne.  
Three score towers against the sky  
Like mailed fists clenched and lifted high;  
Tall battlements; a grim chateau;  
And round and round the gray walls go.  
A drawbridge here, a postern there,  
Loopholes for archers everywhere,  
And moat and scarp and barbicans  
All built in the days of high romance.  
Gaul and Roman, Goth and Moor  
Fought and wrought on this hill, and sure,  
If ever war was glorified  
By chivalry and song beside,  
It must have been when Charles the Great,  
Simon de Montfort and Louis the Saint  
Stormed this town or held its towers,  
And tournaments filled the quieter hours;  
Or when Bernart Alanhan of old Narbonne,  
As a troubadour guest of Carcassonne,  
Sang of the brave knights' feats of war  
And the beautiful ladies they did them for.  
Troubadours, ladies and knights are gone.  
No flags fly over Carcassonne  
Save the banners of sunset aflame in the sky  
As the one-armed watchman passes by.  
Here in the scenes of old romance,  
He lifts a voice for peace in France.

He told me his story yesterday,  
And now he halts on his round to say:  
"How noble this business of fighting appears  
Through the mist and haze of a thousand years.  
Still they call it right against wrong,  
And deck it with banners and bugles and song.  
But this I pray God and Our Lady for —  
In my children's time may there be no war."

*Winfred Ernest Garrison*

### A Country Church

I think God seeks this house, serenely white,  
Upon this hushed, elm-bordered street, as one  
With many mansions seeks, in calm delight,  
A boyhood cottage intimate with sun.

I think God feels Himself the Owner here,  
Not just rich Host to some self-seeking throng,  
But Friend of village folk who want Him near  
And offer Him simplicity and song.

No stained-glass windows hide the world from view,  
And it is well. The world is lovely there,  
Beyond clear panes, where branch-scrolled skies look  
through,  
And fields and hills, in morning hours of prayer.

God spent His youth with field and hill and tree,  
And Christ grew up in rural Galilee.

*Violet Alleyn Storey*

### The Song of the Dial

The Dial faced the summer sun,  
The garden blossomed all around;  
If happiness could bless a scene  
I felt that here was holy ground;  
Afar I heard the chime of bells,  
And caught a glimpse of gleaming towers,  
And all the while the Dial sang,  
Until the dell with echoes rang,  
"I only count the shining hours."

And as the years go fleeting by,  
And locks of brown are flecked with grey,  
And shadows loom across the rim  
Of what was once a perfect day,  
There swings a cadence through my brain,  
A cadence born of sun and flowers,  
When all the dell enchanted rang  
With that dear song the Dial sang:  
"I only count the shining hours."

*Peter Airey*

### Star of Bethlehem

O Star that led the Wise Men from the East,  
Shine on our revels — sanctify our feast!

They sought the Prince of Peace: we seek Him, too:  
But not with myrrh and frankincense — with rue,

The Flower of Repentance, meet for those  
Who saw the Light and yet the Darkness chose.

Though sometimes it may wax and sometimes wane,  
Yet beams that Star — yet beckons us again;

Eternal challenge to the mystic Quest  
For Peace, which, till he find, man may not rest.

And it shall shine until its task be done,  
With all men Brothers, and all nations One.

Shine on our revels — sanctify our feast,  
O Star that led the Wise Men from the East!

*Florence Van Cleave*

### Today

We shall do so much in years to come,  
But what have we done today?  
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,  
But what did we give today?  
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear;  
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear;  
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,  
But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,  
But what have we been today?  
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,  
But what have we brought today?  
Add to steadfast faith a deeper worth;  
We shall give to truth a grander birth;  
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,  
But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,  
But what have we sown today?  
We shall build us mansions in the sky,  
But what have we built today?

'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask;  
But, here and now do we do our task?  
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,  
    " What have we done today? "

*Nixon Waterman*

### The Words of the Gods

Ever the words of the gods resound;  
    But the porches of man's ear  
Seldom in this low life's round  
    Are unsealed, that he may hear.

Wandering voices in the air  
    And murmurs in the wold  
Speak what I cannot declare,  
    Yet cannot all withhold.

But the meanings cleave to the lake,  
    Cannot be carried in book or urn;  
Go thy ways now, come later back,  
    On waves and hedges still they burn.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

From " My Garden "

### New Dreams for Old

God, who through ages past  
    Guided our human way  
Out from the realms of night  
    Into the fair today,  
No gift wilt Thou withhold —  
Give us new dreams for old.

All nations claim Thy name,  
Yet were they born of hate;  
Kill! was their ancient cry:  
Good will has come, though late.  
Now that war's tale is told,  
Give us new dreams for old.

Where battles once raged sore  
Lo! Spring is in the air.  
O'er all the lands of earth  
Hope rears her castles fair.  
These days the bards foretold —  
Give us new dreams for old.

All men shall brothers be  
Throughout the earth.  
Love's kingdom dawns at last,  
Joy comes at last to birth.  
Faith sees an age of gold —  
Give us new dreams for old!

*Thomas Curtis Clark*

### Life Is a Narrow Vale

Life is a narrow vale between the cold  
And barren peaks of two eternities.  
We strive in vain to look beyond the heights,  
We cry aloud; the only answer  
Is the echo of our wailing cry.  
From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead  
There comes no word; but in the night of death  
Hope sees a star, and listening love can hear  
The rustle of a wing.

These myths were born of hopes, and fears and tears,  
And smiles; and they were touched and colored  
By all there is of joy and grief between  
The rosy dawn of birth and death's sad night;  
They clothed even the stars with passion,  
And gave to gods the faults and frailties  
Of the sons of men. In them the winds  
And waves were music, and all the lakes and streams,  
Springs, mountains, woods, and perfumed dells,  
Were haunted by a thousand fairy forms.

*Robert G. Ingersoll*

[From an address delivered after the death of his  
brother]

### The Way, the Truth, and the Life

O thou great Friend to all the sons of men,  
Who once appear'dst in humblest guise below,  
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,  
To call Thy brethren forth from want and woe! —  
Thee would I sing. Thy truth is still the light  
Which guides the nations groping on their way,  
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,  
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes, Thou art still the life; Thou art the way  
The holiest know — light, life, and way of heaven;  
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray  
Toil by the truth, life, way that Thou hast given;  
And in Thy name aspiring mortals trust  
To uplift their bleeding brothers rescued from the dust.  
*Theodore Parker*

### House-Weary

I'm going out! I'm tired of tables, chairs;  
 I'm tired of walls that hedge me all about;  
 I'm tired of rooms and ceilings, carpets, stairs,  
 And so — I'm going out!

Somehow or other what I need today  
 Are skies, and birds that carol,  
 winds that shout!  
 I want Dame Nature's friendship.  
 Thus I say,  
 " Good-bye — I'm going out! "

It's just house-tiredness. Trivial humdrum strain!  
 Monotony! But when I've climbed the hill,  
 My heart, refreshed, will laugh and sing again,  
 Dear home! I'll love it still!

*Ian Drag*

### The Fugitives

We are they that go, that go,  
 Plunging before the hidden blow.  
 We run the byways of the earth,  
 For we are fugitive from birth,  
 Blindfolded, with wide hands abroad  
 That sow, that sow the sullen sod.

We cannot wait, we cannot stop  
 For flushing field or quickened crop;  
 The orange bow of dusky dawn  
 Glimmers our smoking swath upon;  
 Blindfolded still we hurry on.



How do we know the ways we run  
That are blindfolded from the sun?  
We stagger swiftly to the call,  
Our wide hands feeling for the wall.

Oh, ye who climb to some clear heaven,  
By grace of day and leisure given,  
Pity us, fugitive and driven —  
The lithe whip curling on our track,  
The headlong haste that looks not back!

*Florence Wilkinson*

### New Year's Thoughts

Let us walk softly, friends;  
For strange paths lie before us all untrod,  
The New Year, spotless from the hand of God,  
Is thine and mine, O friend.

Let us walk straightly, friend;  
Forget the crooked paths behind us now,  
Press on with steadier purpose on our brow,  
To better deeds, O friend.

Let us walk gladly, friend;  
Perchance some greater good than we have known  
Is waiting for us, or some fair hope flown  
Shall yet return, O friend.

Let us walk humbly, friend;  
Slight not the heart's-ease blooming round our feet;  
The laurel blossoms are not half so sweet,  
Or lightly gathered, friend.

Let us walk kindly, friend;  
 We cannot tell how long this life shall last,  
 How soon these precious years be overpast;  
 Let Love walk with us, friend.

Let us walk quickly, friend;  
 Work with our might while lasts our little stay,  
 And help some halting comrade on the way;  
 And may God guide us, friend.

*Lillian Gray*

### The Making of the Soul of Man

I am grown haggard and forlorn, from dreams  
 That haunt me, of the time that is to be,  
 When man shall cease from wantonness and strife,  
 And lay his law upon the course of things.  
 Then shall he live no more on sufferance,  
 An accident, the prey of powers blind;  
 The untamed giants of nature shall bow down —  
 The tides, the tempest and the lightning cease  
 From mockery and destruction, and be turned  
 Unto the making of the soul of man.

*Upton Sinclair*

### Witness of God

If sometimes I must hear good men debate  
 Of other witness of Thyself than Thou,  
 As if there needed any help of ours  
 To nurse Thy flickering life, that else must cease,  
 Blown out, as 'twere a candle, by men's breath,  
 My soul shall not be taken in their snare,  
 To change her inward surety for their doubt

Muffled from sight in formal robes of proof:  
While she can only feel herself through Thee,  
I fear not Thy withdrawal; more I fear,  
Seeing, to know Thee not, hoodwinked with dreams  
Of signs and wonders, while, unnoticed, Thou,  
Walking Thy garden still, commun'st with men,  
Missed in the commonplace of miracle.

*James Russell Lowell*

From "The Cathedral "

### In the Carpenter Shop

I wish I had been His apprentice,  
To see Him each morning at seven,  
As he tossed His gray tunic about Him,  
The Master of earth and of heaven;  
When He lifted the lid of His work chest  
And opened His carpenter's kit,  
And looked at His chisels and augers,  
And took the bright tools out of it;  
When He gazed at the rising sun tinting  
The dew on the opening flowers,  
And He smiled at the thought of His Father  
Whose love floods this fair world of ours;  
When he fastened the apron about Him,  
And put on His working man's cap,  
And grasped the smooth haft of His hammer  
To give the bent woodwork a tap,  
Saying, "Lad, let us finish this ox yoke,  
The farmer must finish his crop."  
Oh, I wish I had been His apprentice  
And worked in the Nazareth shop.

*Author Unknown*

# Devotions

I almost never say my prayers,  
 With smoothly folded eyes —  
 So many prayers go blundering  
 Each day to paradise.

I'd think that God would tire so  
 Of prayers all neat and trim,  
 When rows and rows of them each day  
 March stiffly up to Him.

I wait until some cool, fresh dawn  
 When He goes down our walk,  
 And then I run and slip my hand  
 Within His hand and talk.

*Ellinor L. Norcross*

# The Little Stones of Arlington

*Remembering a First Sight of the Arlington National  
 Cemetery*

I saw them shining in the sun,  
 The little stones of Arlington;  
 The endless rows of snowy stones,  
 As cold as death, as white as bones.

My eyes went counting, and I said:  
 "Here lies a world of early dead;  
 A buried world of light and love.  
 And who shall count the cost thereof?"

I saw strange shapes that seemed to pass  
Like ghosts upon the early grass,  
Like spectres marching, one by one,  
The little stones of Arlington.

I heard a fife; I heard a drum.  
I heard a bugle calling "Come! "  
A thousand thousand soundless feet  
Went tramping down a ghostly street.

A thousand thousand restless heads  
Were lifted from their earthy beds;  
And blood flowed out; I saw it run  
Upon the stones of Arlington.

A thousand thousand tortured eyes  
Looked up unto the silent skies;  
And to my ears there came a sound  
Of voices from the silent ground.

"It is not meet that men should die  
With fire and sword," the dead men cry.  
"The bitter price is paid in vain.  
Peace is not bought with dead men slain."

I heard the words like clanging bells,  
I saw the battles and the hells,  
The rainy roads, the darkened sun.  
I saw the stones of Arlington.

Tomorrow bits of silk will wave  
Above the grass on every grave,  
And blossoms plucked and borne with love.  
And who shall count the cost thereof?

It is enough. Let men no more  
Spill blood of men on any shore;  
Nor smoke of battle cloud the sun;  
And no more stones in Arlington.

*Barbara Young*

### Sorrow

When fell Thy dreadful shadow and it seemed  
That all was blackness, yet the silver gleamed  
Beyond the clouds; and, in the vanished years  
That once were darkened with remembered tears,  
I know these came to me at Thy commanding —  
Kindness and Love and Understanding.

*Reginald C. Eva*

### Profit and Loss

Profit? — Loss?  
Who shall declare this good — that ill? —  
When good and ill so intertwine  
But to fulfill the vast design  
Of an Omniscient Will? —  
When seeming gain but turns to loss —  
When earthly treasure proves but dross —  
And what seemed loss but turns again  
To high, eternal gain?

Wisest the man who does his best,  
And leaves the rest  
To Him who counts not deeds alone,  
But sees the root, the flower, the fruit,  
And calls them one.

*John Oxenham*

### The Flight of Youth

There are gains for all our losses.  
There are balms for all our pain:  
But when youth, the dream, departs  
It takes something from our hearts,  
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,  
Under manhood's sterner reign:  
Still we feel that something sweet  
Followed youth, with flying feet,  
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,  
And we sigh for it in vain;  
We behold it everywhere,  
On the earth, and in the air,  
But it never comes again!

*Richard Henry Stoddard*

### How Do I Love Thee

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs; and with my childhood's faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

*From Paracelsus*

Progress is  
The law of life, man is not Man as yet.  
Nor shall I deem his object served, his end  
Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,  
While only here and there a star dispels  
The darkness, here and there a towering mind  
O'erlooks its prostrate fellows: when the host  
Is out at once to the despair of night,  
When all mankind alike is perfected,  
Equal in full-blown powers — then, not till then,  
I say, begins man's general infancy.  
For wherefore make account of feverish starts  
Of restless members of a dormant whole,  
Impatient nerves which quiver while the body  
Slumbers as in a grave? Oh, long ago  
The brow was twitched, the tremulous lids astir,  
The peaceful mouth disturbed; half-uttered speech  
Ruffled the lip, and then the teeth were set,  
The breath drawn sharp, the strong right hand clenched  
stronger,  
As it would pluck a lion by the jaw;  
The glorious creature laughed out, even in sleep!  
But when full roused, each giant-limb awake,  
Each sinew strung, the great heart pulsing fast,  
He shall start up and stand on his own earth,  
Then shall his long triumphant march begin,



Thence shall his being date — thus wholly roused,  
What he achieves shall be set down to him.  
When all the race is perfected alike  
As man, that is; all tended to mankind,  
And, man produced, all has its end thus far;  
But in completed man begins anew  
A tendency to God. Prognostics told  
Man's near approach; so in man's self arise  
August anticipations, symbols, types  
Of a dim splendor ever on before  
In that eternal circle life pursues.  
For men begin to pass their nature's bound,  
And find new hopes and cares which fast supplant  
Their proper joys and griefs; they grow too great  
For narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade  
Before the unmeasured thirst for good; while peace  
Rises within them ever more and more.  
Such men are even now upon the earth,  
Serene amid the half-formed creatures round  
Who should be saved by them and joined with them.

*Robert Browning*

### Soul Growth

Rebellious heart, in the grip of fate,  
Have patience, wait!  
Calm you and hark to the great wind's blowing,  
Bearing winged seed to your hands for the sowing.  
Drive deep the plow of sorrow and pain,  
Turn up rich soil for the golden grain,  
Spare not the tears: they are needed as rain;  
Too long, too long has the field lain fallow,  
Now well prepared and no longer shallow.  
Please God, a soul is growing!

*Annerika Fries*

# Memorial Day

Strew the fair garlands where slumber the dead,  
 Ring out the strains like the swell of the sea;  
 Heart-felt the tribute we lay on each bed:  
 Sound o'er the brave the refrain of the free,  
 Sound the refrain of the loyal and free,  
 Visit each sleeper and hallow each bed:  
 Waves the starred banner from seacoast to sea;  
 Grateful the living and honored the dead.

*Samuel F. Smith*

# Life

Life, believe, is not a dream,  
 So dark as sages say;  
 Oft a little morning rain  
 Foretells a pleasant day:  
 Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,  
 But these are transient all;  
 If the shower will make the roses bloom,  
 Oh, why lament its fall?  
 Rapidly, merrily,  
 Life's sunny hours flit by,  
 Gratefully, cheerily,  
 Enjoy them as they fly.

What though Death at times steps in,  
 And calls our Best away?  
 What though Sorrow seems to win,  
 O'er Hope a heavy sway?  
 Yet Hope again elastic springs,  
 Unconquered, though she fell;  
 Still buoyant are her golden wings,  
 Still strong to bear us well.

Manfully, fearlessly,  
The day of trial bear,  
For gloriously, victoriously,  
Can courage quell despair!

*Charlotte Brontë*

### De Massa ob de Sheepfol'

De massa ob de sheepfol'  
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin  
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows,  
Wha'r de long night rain begin —  
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,  
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"  
Oh den, says de hirelin' shepa'd:  
"Dey's some, dey's black and thin,  
And some, dey's po' ol' wedda's;  
But de res', dey's all brung in."  
  
Den de massa ob de sheepfol',  
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,  
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,  
Wha'r de long night rain begin —  
So he le' down de `ba's ob de sheepfol',  
Callin' sof', "Come in. Come in."  
Callin' sof', "Come in. Come in."

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,  
T'ro' de col' night rain and win',  
And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf',  
Wha'r de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,  
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',  
Dey all comes gadderin' in.  
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',  
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

*Sarah McClain Greene*

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